John Munro Seeks Redemption • Passport to Trouble in Jordan

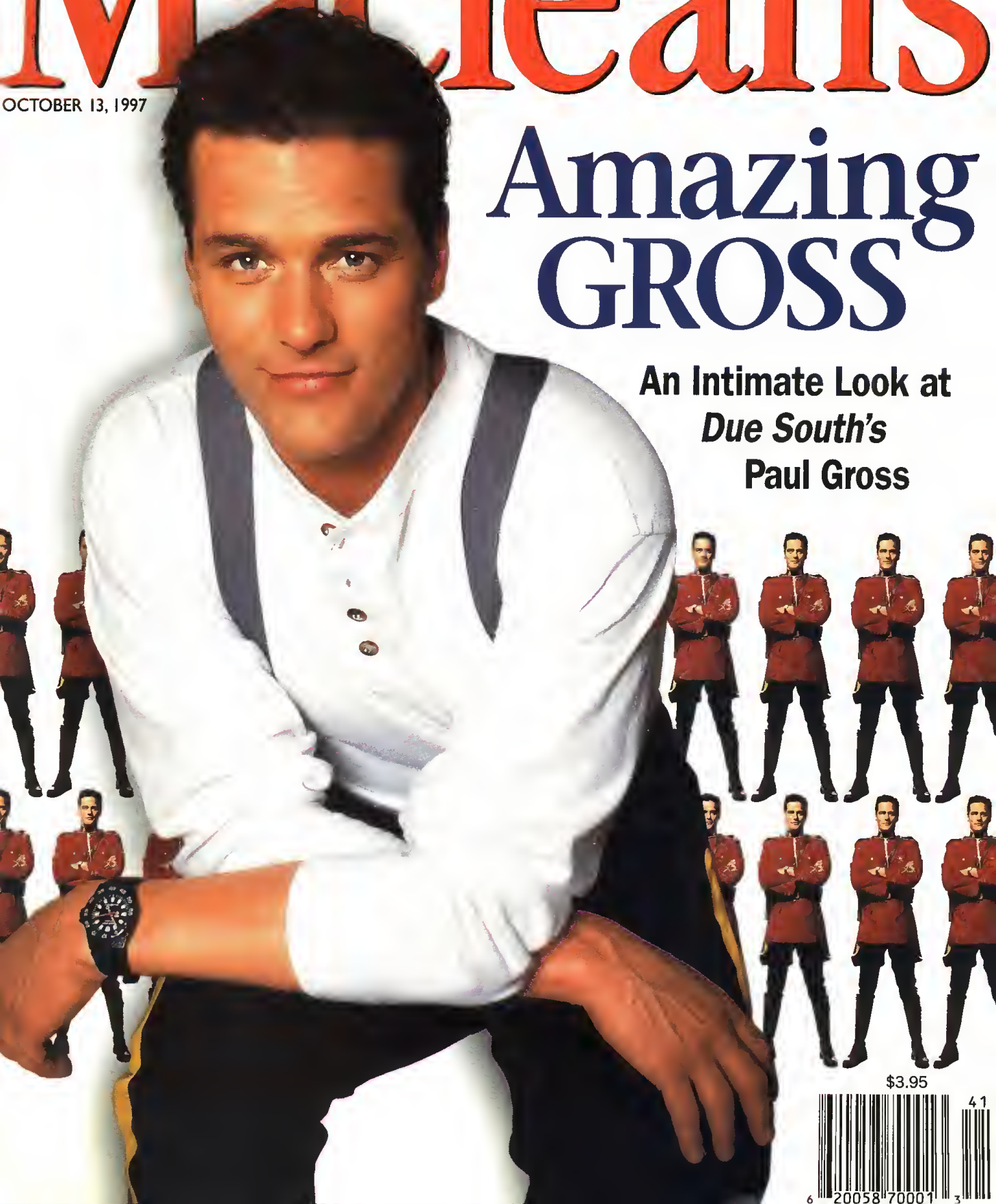
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

OCTOBER 13, 1997

Amazing GROSS

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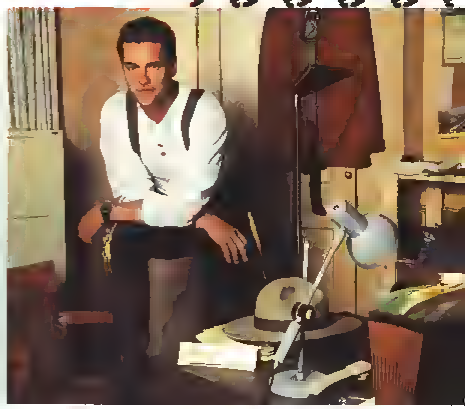
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Amazing Gross

Due South's Paul Gross is riding high as the show's Mountie hero, and its executive producer. Now in its third year, the series remains Canada's top homegrown TV drama—despite a fall schedule crowded with more channels and more programs than ever



PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S

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Munro's quest

Six years after charges against former Liberal cabinet minister John Munro were dismissed, the government may be prepared to offer compensation



FRANK DUNIGAN/CANAPRESS

17 Death and 'taxing'

Four boys from a Montreal-area high school who committed suicide may have been targets of bullies who extorted money. After complaints from other students, police arrested an 18-year-old



CHRISTOPHER MORRIS/FOR MACLEAN'S



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Passport to trouble

Forged Canadian passports carried during a bungled assassination attempt in Jordan cause a chill in Canada-Israeli relations—and concerns about the security of official Canadian papers

From The Editor

Tuning in to trash radio



A Quebec cabinet minister called him "a sewer rat" and a "racist." Last week, a guest on his radio show boasted "I'm as big a pig as you are." As for the man himself? Trash-talking radio morning man Howard Stern concedes, "Most stations we go on are usually in the toilet. No successful station in its right mind would put us on." But *on* Stern is. Since Sept. 2, his syndicated show from New York City has been airing on two Canadian stations that are, if not in the sewer, content to join him in the bathroom to improve their ratings. And the early indications are that the Stern turn is working for two proud brands, Western International Communications and CHUM Ltd.



Stern: boosting the ratings of struggling stations

WIC's Toronto FM outlet, Q-107, and CHUM's CHOM-FM in Montreal are claiming larger audiences in the 6 to 10 a.m. slot. Both stations, however, have put their federal licences at risk because of Stern's raunchy content—on the eve of important regulatory hearings in Ottawa about the future of radio. And both have lost advertising to rivals because of Stern's graphic interviews and discussions about the intimate sexual practices of his guests, his on-air staff and himself ("I'm a two-vibrator man," he proclaimed last week).

When Stern is not inviting female guests to disrobe in his studio or inquiring about their bra sizes, he is interviewing members of the Ku Klux Klan or slagging people who have crossed him—all the while making sure that his three daughters never hear Daddy's show. Stern has legions of loyal fans. Others back his right to be on the air, even if they dislike his show.

The buzz is that Stern is already number 1 in Toronto. That is not the case. The industry's formal ratings have yet to be reported. For now, according to a private Angus Reid survey, in the first two weeks of September, Q-107 was in fourth place during weekday mornings with an 8.7 share of audience, compared with a bottom-dwelling 3.8 share before his arrival. He has improved ratings, but he is still not on top. In Montreal, says rival broadcaster Gary Slaight of the family-owned Standard Broadcasting (CJAD, The Mix), "we figure the ad cancellations put about $800,000 in our pockets." Adds Slaight: "The real issue is, will the CRTC allow them to do things on the air that we are told we can't do?"

The brouhaha over Stern, coincidentally, comes to a head on the 10th anniversary of the signing of the Canada-U.S. free trade deal. Gordon Ritchie, the Canadian official who helped negotiate that accord, argues in a forthcoming book, *Wrestling with the Elephant*, that a doubling of exports since the FTA probably created as many as 400,000 net new jobs. But he also writes that "there is no question that Canadian society has grown closer to the American model over the past 10 years." In addition to the expanding income disparity between upstairs and downstairs in Canadian society, Ritchie notes, the cities have become more violent and the drug problem more menacing. Clearly, all of that cannot be blamed on free trade. Nor can Howard Stern. But they are symptomatic of the growing harmonization of the two countries. Protecting a distinctive culture along the 49th parallel will become a larger challenge, especially if civilized dialogue is overtaken by trash talk.

Robert Lewis

Newsroom Notes:

Tracking spies

When *Maclean's* correspondent Stephanie Nolen travelled from her base in Jerusalem to Amman last week to report on the tangled intrigue involving Israeli secret agents, Canadian passports and the attempted murder of a militant Muslim leader, she discovered that her Canadian citizenship no longer guarantees a friendly reception in Jordan. While she was nosing around the site where two men with Canadian passports—apparently Israelis—had been apprehended, she was challenged by a crowd of several dozen angry men who refused to believe that she was a journalist and not a spy. "I spoke good Arabic, I was white, therefore I must be Israeli," she reported. "If I was not Israeli, what was I? Canadian. Ah-ha! Always before, in the scariest of situations in the Middle East, my Canadian passport brought smiles to angry faces. Not this time." The crowd viewed it as evidence that Nolen had to be an Israeli agent. "Genuinely worried, I snatched back my passport and ran. For once, I wished I was American."

From Nolen's files and his own reporting, Senior Writer Barry Came wrote the story on page 24 of the bungled assassination, mysterious passports and the recall "for consultations" of Canada's ambassador to Israel.



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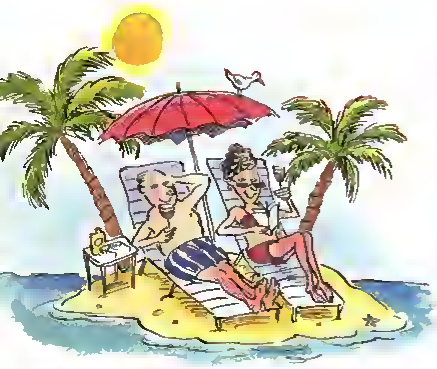


ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WEISSMANN

Retirement: pension reform punitive to those who saved

Pension polarization

I read the cover story on pension reform with stupefaction ("Getting ready for retirement," Sept. 29). If I understand correctly, I will pay for the rest of my working career into a "pension fund" from which I will never benefit. This is a tax and I would, therefore, expect the Liberals to have the guts to state this fact clearly and not bury this behind clawbacks and other hidden tax forms. When will our government recognize there is a limit to taxing the middle class? The well will run dry

Jean F. Laurin
Orleans, Ont.

How can a government that (last time I looked and recoiled, appalled) spends 40 cents of every dollar of its revenue to service debt, *dare* to preach to the public about saving for retirement?

Lex Landon
Lyndhurst, Ont.

At least up to now, you are better off doing no retirement planning at all, because when you are poor the government subsidizes your needs anyway. Nursing homes cost about $40,000 to $50,000 per annum. Only the industrious planners end up paying 100 per cent of the per diem fees, while the rest get subsidized through community services. Responsible families not only get clobbered financially, but they are also forced to handle the extraneous work such as locating beds, tax filing and a never ending stream of duties. On the other hand, the irresponsible get rewarded with government subsidies, and much of the tedious work is done by the social worker or staff member. So who are the smart ones? As long as governments continue to coddle neglectful people and always come to their rescue, why bother to plan, save, invest or take any interest in retirement woes?

Lloma Jane Chase,
Halifax

Like myself at age 35, many Canadians have no expectation nor desire for government-provided financial aid in retirement. This attitude is less selfish than the attitude of Lillian Morgenthau and her Canadian Association of Retired Persons who have milked the government cash cow. While I have no problem in paying my fair share, the current generation of working middle class is being hit with unprecedentedly skyrocketing Canada Pension Plan premiums for a program from which we will not benefit. The retired set argues that they should indeed benefit from a program to which they contributed for decades. Is their logic pertinent only to one generation? Finance Minister Paul Martin seems to think so.

David Campbell,
Barclay, Ont.

Paul Martin and his fellow MPs should reform their own extremely lucrative pensions if they expect to have any credibility when confronting Canadian taxpayers with the recent proposed reforms to the CPP. The reforms are punitive to Canadians who have had foresight and taken responsibility by saving for their retirement.

Gordon McLean
Calgary

Your headline "How much should the young be taxed to support the old?" is unfortunate. We seniors supported our elders when we were young, we survived the Depression without a safety net; and we paid with money and wounds to keep this country free. We paid for the education of the baby boomers and we've paid into the Old Age Security pension since its inception in the 1950s and the CPP since its inception in the 1960s. And where we possibly could, on top of all this, we saved for our old age. As responsible citizens, we seniors have paid our dues in full. *Maclean's* should not be part of pitting the young against the seniors.

James and Luella Thomson
Orangeville, Ont.

Considering that Paul Martin has done a poor job in investing my relatively small CPP contributions, why should I believe he'll do a better job with my relatively large CPP contributions?

Daniel R. McLaren,
Prince George, B.C.

Beyond 1967

It is nothing short of disparaging to those of us born since 1967 to read incessantly about the memories of Canada's Centennial. 1967 is only one of 130 years of which we can be proud ("The last great year," The *Maclean's* Excerpt, Sept. 29). I would agree that 1967 was a seminal year—it has given focus and meaning to succeeding generations, but a specific time doesn't act as a reference point for our understanding of Canada's greatness, and why should it? We need only to look anywhere else to realize that we remain great. I won't dispute that we are dismantling some of our old magnificence, but we've added a lot of the new. I hope the genius of Canada's writers manifests itself in a vision for the future, rather than dwelling on what could only take place in past times and circumstances.

Erin Rutherford,
Victoria

'Magical moment'

Your article ("Henderson scores!" Special Report, Sept. 29) brought a smile to my face. My son asked me about the goal and I found it necessary to set the stage for him, hoping to re-create the emotions of that day. I was in physics class, at J. Lloyd Crowe Secondary School in Trail, B.C. Led by our teacher Mr. Haight, we sacrificed one Grade 12 class to witness the miraculous momentum shift of a whole nation. I am certain my description to my son did not do justice to the event, but just reliving the moment

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THE MAIL

sent shivers up my spine. Thank you for remembering one of our nation's magical moments.

Keith Van De Keere
Barrhead, Alta.

For 25 years, I've held a deep, dark secret that I've yearned to make known. Reading your article took me back to my Grade 3 classroom where we all sat enthralled by a distant hockey game on TV. Like everyone else, I can remember the instant Paul Henderson tucked the biscuit behind a prone Vladislav Tretiak. Unlike everyone, however, I did not feel an uplifting electric charge—I felt totally crushed. Somewhere in the eight game series, I had fallen in love with the Soviets and their unbelievable skills. Maybe the boorish Phil Esposito had something to do with it, or the viciousness of Bobby Clarke, compared with the grace of Valeriy Kharlamov, Aleksandr Yakushev, Vladimir Shadrin and Vlascheslav Anisin. How good it feels to come out of the closet.

Harish Rupal
Mississauga, Ont.

Native self-rule

Sandra Willock's contribution to The Road Ahead ("Self-rule is not the whole answer," Sept. 29) draws attention to the problems that appear to be impeding self government for First Nations. Surely, one of the the first steps would be to replace the 4,000 civil servants in the department of Indian affairs with people chosen by and from First Nations councils. This would provide an opportunity to learn the intricacies of financial management, beginning with economic strategies for their own communities. The continued decision-making from governments' perspectives does not help the cause.

Lucy M. Packard
Hamilton

Sandra Willock presents an interesting, if familiar, perspective on the plight of aboriginal First Nations as to why "they" are not ready for self-rule. She cites community traditions, bad decision-making, history and a lack of marketplace savvy in support of her claim. All of this smacks of the same old paternalistic rhetoric that has cloaked native/non-native relations since first contact (or, should I say, conflict). My question to Willock is this: when "we" non-natives mismanage self-rule, are we accorded the same paternalistic response? If I make a bad investment, am I presumed to be incapable of making future good investments? If a nation (pick one, any one) runs up a deficit, is it presumed to be culturally inferior and in need of expropriation? Willock's comments, unfortunately, speak of our nation's implicit intolerance of those who are not part of the sociocultural mainstream.

G. Brent Angell
Greenville, N.C.

The Road Ahead

French Quebec needs Anglo support

The only way to put a stop to referendums on the sovereignty/separation/independence (pick one) of Quebec is to elect a government in the province that will sign the Canadian Constitution.

How can that be done?

Electing Daniel Johnson and his Quebec Liberals to power does not automatically solve the problem. The Bourassa Liberals didn't sign it, who is to say that the Johnson Liberals will do so now? The tone of the debate would change with a government in Quebec sympathetic to Canadian federalism, but the debate would continue nonetheless. For one thing, no matter who gets into power in Quebec City, they will retain the French Language Charter. They have to if they want to remain in power. More than 81 per cent of the population has French as a mother tongue.

In the interest of Canadian unity, all anglophones—particularly those in Quebec, but in the rest of the country, too—must accept that Bill 101 is vital to the political stability of Quebec. Anglophones must learn to realize that, while there is certainly a difference between the federalists and separatists among Quebec politicians, every government in Quebec City will be French-speaking and nationalist. That is called democracy. Quebec is an overwhelmingly French-speaking province, and all provinces are nationalist to some degree, the bigger ones more so.

Internally, that means significantly toned down rhetoric from outfits like the Equality party and Alliance Quebec. It also means no potshots from other provinces. Instead, those provinces must articulate their acceptance, if not their outright support, of fair and rational French-language legislation in Quebec. The recent Calgary declaration sets the tone, but now it has to be said by governments.

Provincial nationalism and Canadian federalism are not mutually exclusive concepts. The combination forces dialogue between the provincial premiers and the Prime Minister, not war. What has to be demonstrated conclusively is that Canadian federalism works—in French, Quebec can be convinced to adhere to federalism, but only if the rest of the country is converted to Francophilia. And Quebec anglophones are a key to that concept. To set their provincial government on track, federalist anglophone Quebecers who support an officially French Quebec must be numerous and must speak out.

Jack Lynch,
St. Bruno, Que.

***The Road Ahead** invites readers to advance specific solutions to Canada's political, social and economic problems. Unpublished submissions may run condensed as regular letters or appear on an electronic bulletin board.*

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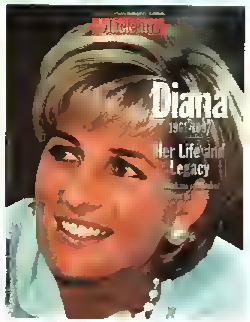
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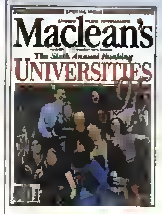
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Backstage



Anthony Wilson-Smith

Trading principles for popularity

The history of Canadian politics is filled with people and parties who, to put it politely, often exercise their democratic right to change their minds. The best example is Lucien Bouchard, who has belonged to three of the five parties in the House of Commons (missing only Reform and the New Democrats). But as a general rule, political leaders know it is easier to change policies than parties. Jean Chrétien opposed key elements of the Meech Lake accord while running for the Liberal leadership—but as Prime Minister, endorsed almost all of them. Brian Mulroney was initially opposed to free trade and in favor of Pierre Trudeau's unilateral patriation of the Constitution. In office, he did an about-face on trade, while patriation was history. Trudeau campaigned against wage-and-price controls to combat inflation in 1974—and then reversed himself. No Liberal would criticize that, this is the party that bitterly fought free trade in 1988 and later railed just as vehemently against the Goods and Services Tax, before embracing both.

This leads to the country's new official Opposition, Reform, and the question of whether it is bartering principles in return for increased popularity. For cynics, examples abound. There is Preston Manning's image make-over since the 1993 election, including eye surgery, hair color touch up, new wardrobe and voice training. There is Manning's renunciation of his pledge never to live in Stornoway, the official residence of the Opposition leader. A Reform MP—Edmonton's Ian McClelland—has accepted a nomination as deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, making him one of the ranking members of the Political Establishment to which Reform has been so opposed.

Perhaps most damning, some members are upset about Reform's support of the Sept. 14 Calgary declaration of the country's nine anglophone premiers. That included the need for, among other things, recognition of Quebec's "unique" character. Since the declaration also cites the "equality of all provinces," it allows Reform to claim that far from being influenced by others, it is doing the influencing. Still, any such recognition has traditionally been anathema to many Reformers.

Reform's problem, to use an analogy aging hipsters understand, might be described as the Springsteen Factor. In 1976, Bruce Springsteen released *Born to Run*, a wildly popular rock album that thrust him into the mainstream. The only people who disliked it were many of his ferociously intense original followers. They, stung that their hero now had horizons that extended far beyond their own, insisted that nothing he did from that point on was ever as good as what had come before.

So it is with Reform. Manning's challenge has been to expand party support beyond its core of alienated, small-c conservative westerners—without losing their support. With that in mind, for much of the past four years, MPs turned what should have been a virtue into a vice: they were so attentive to long-standing concerns that they failed to develop expertise in other important areas.

On the plus side, Reform sparked productive debates on law and order, immigration, debt reduction, aboriginal programs, the merits of tax cuts versus increased government spending, and the need to debate the consequences of a Yes vote to Quebec sovereignty. But Reformers performed dismally on the kind of complex issues that do not arouse interest at local coffee shops. That includes the environment, foreign affairs, and justice issues beyond crime and gun control. On some issues, the party cared deeply, but ignorance shone through: a promise to cut government spending by hacking 15 per cent from all departments sounds sexy, but is also unworkable.

> Manning's challenge is to expand support beyond small-c conservative westerners—without losing their support

In its first weeks in the new Parliament, Reform's questions have been sharper, and the overall tone of MPs' comments in the House suggests the party is thinking in more pan-Canadian terms. That is not always the case. British Columbia MP Val Meredith may have pleased some constituents when she spoke understandingly of western separatism last week, but she did Reform no favors east of Alberta. There are other signs of change. When Manning first came to Ottawa, he sat far away in the back benches. That made a nice, folksy statement, but diminished his effectiveness. Similarly, allowing all members of caucus to take a turn during Question Period was courteous, but made too little use of effective performers such as the quick-witted Deborah Grey, their star, or B.C. MP Randy White, whose acid tone makes the Liberals apoplectic.

Now, the caucus is making better use of its talent. Already, the party's critic on constitutional issues, fluently bilingual 25-year-old rookie Edmonton MP Rahim Jaffer, is a darling of Quebec's notoriously demanding media. Manning, not always a strong performer in the House, delivered a sharp, cogent response to the speech from the throne. And the Liberals present a fat, ripe target: witness the astonishing announcement last week that they have given $35 million to build ski hills in Quebec to a company that made $27 million in the last fiscal year—Intrawest Corp. of Vancouver. This, at a time when they are trying to persuade Canadians of the merits of increased government spending rather than tax cuts.

Has Reform changed? Probably not as much as opponents would like, or its original supporters fear. But most of the steps it has taken, both cosmetically and substantively, suggest it is now more interested in ruling official Ottawa than just ruling it. Some might call that evolution: perhaps only in Canada could it be considered a sin.

Opening Notes

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS



Opening ceremony in Atlanta: appropriate

An anchor's right to speak out

As the world's athletes paraded into the stadium for the opening ceremonies of the 1996 Summer Olympic Games in Atlanta, Radio Canada TV co-hosts Bernard Derome and Marie-Josée Turcotte waded into controversy. They treated viewers of the French network to a series of critical asides about Latin American, African and Arab countries and their people. "Oh la la, the Chileans," said Derome. "We get a lot of Chilean immigrants and a lot of them are involved in fraud." Claimed Turcotte as the Sudanese athletes appeared: "I was there several years ago. There wasn't even a famine and all you could get to eat was rice and beans." Complaints poured into the network. "Their commentary was condescending and insulting," complained one man, Diego Herrera, as he circulated a petition in Montreal, demanding an apology. "I'm not saying the criticisms weren't true, but the journalists should have found a better time to talk about those countries and why they have problems." But in a report released last week, Radio-Canada ombudsman Mario Cardinal said not only were the journalists' remarks correct, but they were also appropriate. An investigation of three specific complaints of inaccuracies showed the journalists' information to be right, said Cardinal. And, he noted, a public broadcaster's role is not simply to retransmit events. "It also serves to teach and inform the Canadian population." Even as it annoys.

Greenpeace harpooned

Two of Canada's best-known environmental organizations are involved in a whale of a dispute. In July, Siberian Yup'ik whalers asked the crew of a Greenpeace ship for help in towing a bowhead whale they had killed to shore on St. Lawrence Island, 200 km off the coast of Alaska. Although it is illegal for non-natives to participate in a whale hunt, Greenpeace supports native whaling—so some of the crew, using two inflatable rafts, helped tow the marine mammal to shore. Then, the anti-whaling Sea Shepherd Conservation Society learned of the incident and requested that the U.S. National Marine Fisheries Service investigate. That inquiry is still ongoing. "I don't care if it was dead or alive," says special agent Richard Severtson. "It is an endangered species and you should leave it alone, unless you are an Eskimo." Still, some observers, knowing of the rivalry between the two environmental groups, question whether concern for the whale was really behind the society approaching the authorities. Sea Shepherd founder Paul Watson also co-founded Greenpeace, but left on bad terms in 1977. That's irrelevant, says Watson. "Just because they are Greenpeace doesn't mean they are exempt from whaling laws."

No *Antagonist* yet for French Quebec



Bouchard: no pressure

The Quebec publishing firm that bought the French-language rights last spring to Lawrence Martin's biography of Lucien Bouchard has decided not to publish the book. In late July—only days before an excerpt about a Toronto psychiatrist's controversial armchair analysis of the Quebec premier made headlines across Canada—Montreal-based Québec-Amérique changed its mind about publishing *The Antagonist*. But company president Jacques Fortin says the firm was under no political pressure. "It was strictly a business decision." Fortin says his company wanted time to make the manuscript "more comprehensive," but Martin was anxious to publish the book right away. Since the Montreal firm did not want its version to come out several months after the English version, it annulled the contract. Martin, though, is confident the book will soon appear in French. "I've already had some offers," he says. "But I think it's best to wait until the reaction [to the excerpt] in Quebec has cooled down."

Cape Breton shows off its Celtic pride

In the latest attempt to bring some relief to one of Canada's most economically depressed regions, the hills of Cape Breton will be alive this month with the sound of music. The first annual Celtic Colours International Festival is set to take place on the island from Oct. 9 to 18, featuring such Cape Breton musical luminaries as Ashley MacIsaac, Natalie MacMaster and the Barra MacNeils, as well as visiting artists like Ireland's Sharon Shannon and The Chieftains. The event, which will be staged in 17 small island communities, has a budget of $600,000—nearly half of it coming from the Nova Scotia department of tourism. Joella Foulds, the festival's co-artistic director, says promoters are hoping the event will help extend the region's tourist season into a month when most local operators are usually ready to close for the winter. They are also counting on the burgeoning worldwide interest in Celtic music to draw more visitors to the area. "We have a natural resource here," she says of the musical talents who have emerged recently from Cape Breton. "It's an industry, but it's also a way of life."



MacMaster: resource

Clarke keeps mum

Bob Clarke, general manager of the Canadian team participating in the 1998 Olympic hockey tournament in Nagano, Japan, plans to wait until just before the Dec. 1 deadline to name the players who will wear the Maple Leaf. That, however, is not sitting well with the National Hockey League's marketing executives, who see the Olympics as a rare opportunity to display the NHL game and its stars before a world wide audience. Sponsors claim that Dec. 1 does not give them sufficient time before the Olympics begin on Feb. 7 to develop and shoot advertising campaigns with the chosen players. Still, Clarke, the tough-minded general manager of the NHL's Philadelphia Flyers, insists that he and his assistants, Pierre Gauthier of the Ottawa Senators and Bob Gainey of the Dallas Stars, need to evaluate players for their total performances this season, not their reputations. "When you go to an international competition," Clarke told *Maclean's*, "you take the best team, not necessarily all the best scorers."

BEST-SELLERS

FICTION

1. **Larry's Party** *Carol Shields (1)*
2. **Barney's Version,** *Mordecai Richler (2)*
3. **The Underpainter** *Jane Urquhart (3)*
4. **The God of Small Things,** *Arundhati Roy (5)*
5. **Déjà Dead,** *Kathy Reichs (7)*
6. **London** *Edward Rutherfurd (8)*
7. **Angel of Darkness,** *Caleb Carr (10)*
8. **Party Favours,** *Jean Doe (4)*
9. **Where She Has Gone,** *Nino Ricci (6)*
10. **Women with Men** *Richard Ford (9)*

NONFICTION

1. **The Royals,** *Kitty Kelley (1)*
2. **Diana: A Tribute to the People's Princess,** *Peter Donnelly*
3. **The Man Who Listens to Horses,** *Monty Roberts (3)*
4. **Angela's Ashes,** *Frank McCourt (2)*
5. **Boom, Bust & Echo,** *David Foot and Daniel Stoffman (5)*
6. **Into Thin Air** *Jon Krakauer (4)*
7. **The Secret Language of Eating Disorders,** *Peggy Claude-Pierre*
8. **Diana: Princess of Wales: A Tribute,** *Tim Graham*
9. **The Antagonist,** *Lawrence Martin (6)*
10. **Bre-X: The Inside Story** *Diane Francis (8)*

() Position last week. Compiled by Brian Bethune

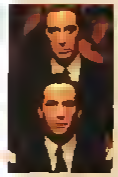
Women's witticisms



In *Creme de la Femme*, an anthology of contemporary women's humor, contributors, including cartoonist Cathy Guisewite, novelist Terry McMillan and comedian Paula Poundstone have fun with topics like relationships, politics and aging.

POP MOVIES

Lucifer as a lawyer



Canadian actor Keanu Reeves and film veteran Al Pacino star in *The Devil's Advocate*, a supernatural thriller about a successful young Florida lawyer lured to work for a mysterious New York City law firm. Kevin Lomax (Reeves) never questions his win-at-any-cost attitude—until he discovers his boss, John Milton (Pacino), really is a modern-day Satan.

Top movies in Canada, ranked according to box office receipts during the seven days that ended on Oct. 2. (In brackets, numbers of screens/weeks showing.)

1	The Peacemaker *(135/1)*	$1,286,810
2	In & Out *(130/2)*	$941,120
3	The Edge *(120/1)*	$873,530
4	The Game *(143/3)*	$764,570
5	L.A. Confidential *(64/2)*	$533,710
6	The Full Monty *(45/2)*	$424,650
7	A Thousand Acres *(64/2)*	$176,539
8	G.I. Jane *(95/6)*	$171,520
9	Wes Craven's Wishmaster *(100/2)*	$166,630
10	Soul Food *(11/1)*	$154,400

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Passages

DIED: Pop art pioneer **Roy Lichtenstein**, 73, from pneumonia, in a New York City hospital. The artist, known for paintings with their signature bold black outlines and use of photoengraver's dots, found inspiration in comic-book images. In the early 1960s, critics reacted harshly, calling him one of the worst artists in America, but collectors snapped up his work. By the 1980s, he had earned his place in 20th-century art history with **Andy Warhol**, at the forefront of the pop art movement.



NAMED: To the 1997 shortlist for The Giller Prize, a $25,000 award given annually since 1994 for the best Canadian novel or short-story collection in English, **Michael Helm**, 35, of Toronto, for *The Projectionist*; **Shani Mootoo**, 40, of Vancouver, for *Cereus Blooms at Night*; **Nino Ricci**, 38, of Toronto, for *Where She Has Gone*; **Mordecai Richler**, 66, of Montreal, for *Barney's Version*; and **Carol Shields**, 62, of Winnipeg, for *Larry's Party*. The winner will be announced at a ceremony in Toronto on Nov. 4.

APPOINTED: Three new commissioners to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission, chartered accountant **David McKendry**, 53, of Ottawa, who as head of the Consumers' Association of Canada in the 1980s attacked Bell Canada and its then-monopoly; **Cindy Grauer**, 47, a Vancouver broadcast consultant; and **Andrew Cardozo**, 41, of Ottawa, a consultant and author on multicultural issues, by Heritage Minister **Sheila Copps**, in Ottawa. They start their three-year posts with the federal regulator on Oct. 27.

FOUND GUILTY: Of voting illegally in a 1995 municipal election, Parti Québécois MNA **Monique Simard**, in a Montreal court. Simard, who plans to appeal the conviction, faces a fine of up to $1,000 and could lose her seat in the Quebec legislature.

RESIGNED: Reform MP **Sharon Hayes**, 49, who represents the British Columbia riding of Port Moody/Coquitlam, to care for her husband, **Douglas Hayes**, 51, who is recovering from a heart attack and stroke, in Ottawa.

John Munro's quest for redemption

Ottawa wants to settle the compensation case

BY BRUCE WALLACE

For a guy who pumped so many hands over the years, built a political network that turned Hamilton into his personal fiefdom and had his elbows on the cabinet table in every one of Pierre Trudeau's governments, John Munro has ended up remarkably bereft of friends. "There's just been so much bad publicity about John," explains Senator Eugene Whelan, one of the few Liberals to still stand up for his former colleague. It has been an agonizing and often tragic descent for a once-prominent politician. Beginning in the mid-1980s, federal lawyers and investigators tried to prove a host of alleged crimes related to the former Indian and northern affairs minister's failed Liberal leadership run in 1984. Provincial division of Ontario Court Judge Jack Nadelle threw the case out of court in 1991, telling prosecutors: "You have not demonstrated a shred of evidence to support your theory."

Politics, though, demands more than legal absolution. Munro's attempt to make a political comeback as a candidate in the 1993 general election was scotched by his own party leader, Jean Chrétien. And he has run up further debts over the past six years in a so-far fruitless legal struggle to get Ottawa to cover his nearly $1 million in defence costs from the trial. His dwindling band of friends and supporters say the effort has left the former cabinet minister, now 66, emotionally spent and financially ruined. Until now, the Liberal government has rebuffed all of Munro's appeals for compensation.

But *Maclean's* has learned that the Prime Minister has ordered his government to settle the case. Chrétien has directed Deputy Prime Minister Herb Gray, his chief troubleshooter, to ensure that the justice department reaches an agreement with Munro. "John is going to be, to some extent, bailed out," says former Liberal senator Keith Davey, who, along with former senator Allan MacEachen, has cautiously lobbied the Prime Minister on Munro's behalf. "Something will be done for him—not enough to please him, but that's the game." Gray himself said he "could not confirm that at this point." But he added, "certainly the matter is being looked at, and the minister of justice will be playing a role in this as well."

Munro's associates say the former minister is seeking more than $2 million from the federal government, about half of which would be compensation for lost income as a result of the damage to his reputation by the trial and its aftermath. "His life has been in total disarray for more than 10 years," said Wally Zimmerman, Munro's Hamilton lawyer. "John has not been able to function, professionally or emotionally." A skittish Munro refused to discuss the case with *Maclean's* last week.

The Crown's allegations centred on Munro's financing of what could generously be called a quixotic bid for the Liberal leadership in 1984. (Chrétien has always been irritated that ministers like Munro and Whelan cluttered up the race—one they had faint hope of winning—eventually won by John Turner.) The Crown's case against Munro contended that, as minister of Indian affairs, he approved a $1.5-million grant to native groups that, in turn, made donations to his leadership campaign. Prosecutors also alleged that the Munro campaign improperly used student employees to feed data into his campaign computers.

After a four-year investigation and nine months of Crown evidence, the charges were dismissed without Munro having to call a single witness in his defence. In fact, Nadelle called the Crown's dark scenario nothing more than a series of routine meetings and "irrelevant testimony." Munro described the judge's decision as "the happiest moment of my life," and accused the Crown, the RCMP and the media covering the investigation of "rampant abuse." He then sued the federal government to recover his legal costs. Munro claimed he should be compensated by Treasury Board guidelines, which required Ottawa to pay legal costs of civil servants who must defend themselves against allegations levelled while they are in office—and which in 1992 were changed to cover ministers.

> "Life almost became not worth living. It is an inhumane situation that has been going on for years."

There are precedents for such payments. The Mulroney government invoked the same argument to pay former cabinet minister Sinclair Stevens's legal bills in his conflict of interest case. And the Chrétien government has agreed to cover former prime minister Brian Mulroney's legal bills—believed to be in the neighborhood of $1.2 million—arising from the notorious Airbus investigation and Mulroney's $50-million lawsuit against Ottawa, which was settled out of court last January. The House of Commons Board of Internal Economy also pays the legal bills of MPs who face lawsuits related to parliamentary business, examining their merits on a case-by-case basis.



FRED CHARTRAND/CP IMAGES

Nor does Munro lack sympathy from the opposition benches. Reform MP Ian McClelland rose in the House last year to demand an explanation for the government's refusal to pay. "It seems to me he's on the hook for something that is routinely paid by the Board of Internal Economy," McClelland said last week. And Tory Senator Eric Berntson, who himself faces charges of fraud and breach of trust from his days as Saskatchewan deputy premier in the 1980s, has raised the issue numerous times in the red chamber. Munro's name was dragged through the mud for eight years, Berntson told the Senate last week. "He has been left absolutely destitute. His name lies in tatters, and he is without too many friends among his old colleagues."

Munro did, in fact, become a pariah in Liberal circles, a politician who loved grip-and-grope politics who suddenly found that Liberal throngs would give him plenty of room. "People would cross the street when they saw him," says Zimmerman, a former president of the Ontario Liberal party. The stain on his reputation remained, Munro's supporters maintain, because Ottawa chose to fight his lawsuit seeking compensation.

In 1995, the Chrétien government asked former Supreme Court justice Willard Estey for a legal opinion on whether to pay Munro. Citing cabinet confidentiality, the report has not been released—though Estey has never denied widespread reports that he recommended payment. Yet the government balked, in part, Munro's side acknowledges, because of a technical misunderstanding about which creditors would get paid under any deal. Instead, says Zimmerman, "government lawyers tried to knock us out on motions and they took years to come up with documents."

According to his friends, the effect on Munro, once a garrulous backslapper and unabashed Liberal cheerleader, has been devastating. "John is a crushed man—everybody thinks he was a crook," says Whelan, who used to allow the cash-strapped Munro to sleep on the couch in his Ottawa office whenever the case brought him to the capital. "He's an emotional fellow," says Whelan. "When he would lose an argument in cabinet, sometimes he would break right down." Munro has also been forced to use all his retirement savings and sell a cottage in order to cover some of his legal costs. "Life almost became not worth living," Munro told *Maclean's* last week. "It is an inhumane situation that has been going on for years."

Frustrated by the slow pace in court, Munro continued to press a back channel to Chrétien through former senators Davey and MacEachen. "John's a decent guy, an honest guy, who got into the glue," says Davey. Associates say both men were leery of approaching Chrétien, assuming that the Prime Minister was angry with Munro and in no mood to cut a deal. Many Liberals were, in fact, furious that Munro had defied Chrétien by expressing interest in a Liberal nomination for the 1993 election. "He pissed people off," said one senior Liberal, pointing out that, at the time, Chrétien was desperate to avoid any baggage that would reinforce the Tory attacks on him as "yesterday's man." "We didn't want people from the old crew, like Munro and Whelan, running in '93," said the Liberal.

That still does not explain the continued reluctance of the Liberals to close the case, or why they are now preparing to settle. The government may have feared that paying Munro might make it liable for the court costs of the other eight defendants, including six native chiefs, charged at the same time, and whose cases were also dismissed. But Zimmerman notes that "support for John seems to have developed around the time of the Mulroney settlement." Certainly, the risk of a political backlash to the Liberals seems slight, since Reform has already signalled its backing for Munro. "If someone is falsely accused while in public office and is exonerated in a court of law, then the taxpayer should pick up their costs," Reform justice critic Jack Ramsay told *Maclean's* last week. "What's fair is fair." For John Munro, that cannot come soon enough. □

Getting the call

A strong federalist is appointed to the top court

BY RAE CORELLI

When he practised law, says Michel Bastarache, adverse court decisions often made him wish he could have debated the issues with the judges before they made up their minds. Two years ago, his wish was modestly rewarded when the federal government appointed him to the New Brunswick Court of Appeal. Then last week, the 50-year-old former bureaucrat, law school dean and insurance executive won the judicial grand prize. In a move that both surprised and perplexed the nation's legal community, Ottawa named Bastarache, a constitutional expert and avowed federalist to the Supreme Court of Canada. Cynics and separatists promptly accused Prime Minister Jean Chrétien of appointing an ideological ally in advance of hearing the federal case against Quebec's self-asserted right to declare independence. Retorted Justice Minister Anne McLellan, who announced the appointment: "In Atlantic Canada does anyone think we would appoint someone who, as a matter of general political philosophy, did not believe in the federation?"

The selection of Bastarache to succeed New Brunswick's Gérard La Forest, who retired in early September at age 71, was unprecedented—the seat traditionally reserved for the Atlantic provinces has always alternated between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. For weeks, the speculation about La Forest's successor revolved principally around Constance Glube, chief justice of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court's trial division and Newfoundland Supreme Court justices Margaret Cameron, Derek Green and Leo Barry.

However, those who know Bastarache, the youngest of the court's nine $189,000-a-year judges (average age: 64), have no reservations about his abilities. "He's a top-notch lawyer who has had all-round experience," said Chief Justice Antonio Lamer. Michel Doucet, the University of Moncton's dean of law, said Bastarache "has strong opinions and he will defend them." Fredericton lawyer David Norman, who had argued several cases before Bastarache, said "he's always well-prepared and gets to the gut of the matter quickly." And Dawn Russell, the dean of the Dalhousie University law school in Halifax, said Bastarache "has a sophisticated understanding of public issues."



Bastarache: a seat that would traditionally go to a Nova Scotian

The new Supreme Court jurist was born in Quebec City, where his father, Alfred, was completing a medical degree at Laval University. Before Michel was a year old, the family moved to southeastern New Brunswick and Alfred began practising rural medicine in the St. Antoine-Shediac region near Moncton. At age 20, Michel graduated from the University of Moncton with a BA and went on to get a law degree from the University of Montreal. That launched him on a career that included practising law in Ottawa (Chrétien had an office down the hall) and Saint John, N.B., and teaching at the universities of Ottawa and Moncton. Bastarache served briefly in Ottawa as the secretary of state's director general for promoting the official languages, and twice worked as a senior executive for the Moncton-based Assumption Mutual Life insurance company, which has strong ties to the Acadian community.

Late last Thursday Bastarache, accompanied by his wife, Yolande, flew to Ottawa from Fredericton. There, he met his new colleagues over an omelette and salad lunch in the Supreme Court's third-floor cafeteria (and discovered potential tennis opponents in justices Frank Iacobucci, John Sopinka and Peter Cory). Afterward, he said in an interview that when he was teaching law or writing about it, "I had trouble keeping my interest for long in a subject unless I thought it had some kind of social relevance to what was really happening. Here, I feel there is so much that can be done that will have this kind of effect." His varied background, he said, might "enrich the debate we will have here among ourselves. If we have too many people who are alike on a court, we are more likely to arrive at a narrow interpretation of the law."

In at least one respect, Michel Bastarache's background is like no other. In 1979, Yolande Bastarache gave birth to a daughter, Emilie. When she was only a few months old, the child was stricken with a convulsive disorder. Baffled specialists in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto and Johns Hopkins in Baltimore concluded that she had a degenerative disease of the central nervous system—although they could not offer a specific diagnosis. But if it was a genetic accident, they said, the odds of it happening again were a million-to-one. A second child, Jean-François, was born in 1982, fell ill while still an infant and, wracked by the same epileptic-type convulsions, died at 3½. A year ago, Emilie died at 17.

While the children were alive, Bastarache said, "I think I became more or less a workaholic. I worked all the time, which sort of forced me to not think about what was happening, about the future. We read a lot, we were home a lot and I did a lot of legal writing because I wasn't, you know, bringing my children to a hockey game or a rink. It was very hard morally and very hard physically." The initial medical opinion had been that Emilie would die within two or three years. He and his wife were also told, Bastarache recalled, that the stress and exhaustion they had experienced might destroy their marriage. On both counts, the doctors were wrong.

With BRIAN BERGMAN in Fredericton



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Not an easy ride

Reform's Deborah Grey overcomes adversity

Deborah Grey's first House of Commons seat was in the very last row, a lone Reform interloper sitting on opposition benches between rambunctious New Democrats and a group of Liberals calling themselves the Dummy Corner because they sat so far from the action. They were not her friends. "I didn't sense that they hated Deb Grey," recalls the gregarious former Dewberry, Alta., high school teacher, of the welcome she received in 1989 as the first and only elected Reform party member. "It was more like, 'Who is this kook from the West?' " But to the personable Grey, "getting the Royal Shun from other MPs was almost more than I could bear." Even in the members' lobby where no reporters are present to catch any fraternizing with the enemy, party walls remained. "If I had to stick around for a vote and the food cart came around, the Liberals would say, 'Get down there and ask the NDP—eat off their tray.' And the NDP would say the same thing. I thought how small, especially when you blab about how big-hearted you are. These are the parties of *tolerance*, of *inclusivity*? Crap!"

The last word is barked with the kind of sting that would bring any daydreaming high-school student back to earth in a hurry. But these days, Grey has little difficulty getting the Liberals' attention. As Reform's deputy leader, she sits beside party chief Preston Manning in Reform's front row, right across the aisle from the Liberal cabinet. She is in their face. There is more than a touch of arrogance on the Liberal benches in the early days of this Parliament, where Reform's questioning has been sniffily dismissed as softball. ("Boy are they bad," says one Liberal MP.) But government members acknowledge that they listen up when Manning or Grey—"the visionary and the queen of the one-liners," as Grey not so humbly puts it—stands to ask a question. "Debbie's great, she's the best questioner Reform has," says Liberal MP Joe Comuzzi.

It has been a long wait for respectability. The parliamentary press gallery initially ignored her. There was no encouraging applause when she rose to make her maiden speech in a half-empty House one month after arriving, although then-Liberal Leader John Turner pointedly stayed to listen. But Brian Mulroney "dressed me down like a kindergarten kid," Grey says after her first question, on the Meech Lake accord—which she opposed. "And as Reform got stronger in the polls, they got meaner—someone was always on me, always screaming at me," she remembers. "I was lucky to be blessed with a deep voice, because women sound shrill when they get emotional."



Grey with comedian Rick Mercer, getting through tough times

The arrival in June, 1990, of Stan Waters, a former Canadian Forces general who finally was appointed to the Senate after winning an unofficial Alberta-wide election the year before, eased the loneliness. Waters was tall and tough, and "people who had served under him would salute him in the streets," recalls Grey. "He'd put his arms around me like my dad and say, 'Deb, if these guys ever mess with you, you call me.' I never sicked him on anyone, but he did lean on a couple of Alberta Tories for me now and then."

Waters, however, died of a brain tumor a year later, and Grey's solo act resumed until after the 1993 election, when she "showed up at the opening of Parliament with 50 guys sitting behind me." As the only Reformer with House of Commons experience, Grey became den mother to the rookie caucus. Respect from across the floor was slower in coming, reaching a low point in February when Doug Young, then-Liberal defence minister, responded to a Grey question about Liberal pork-barrelling by yelling: "There's more than a slab of bacon talking there." Young had been a member of the Dummy Corner; he never withdrew the remark and he never apologized. Grey recalls the sweetness of learning that he was among the first Liberals to go down in last June's election.

Grey claims she never feels the urge to gloat over her rise, but other Reformers tell of being entertained by her tales of the early snubs. Nor has she ever developed an affection for Ottawa itself. Grey enjoys trips back to Alberta because the rallies "recharge my batteries in order to go back to *that* place." She dined with MPs just three times in her first four years in Parliament—all of them male. "I was a hard one for the women in Ottawa," she says. "So many women MPs are part of the radical feminist movement and I didn't turn out to be the sister they thought they were getting."

Grey credits her "strong Christian faith and strong sense of humor" for getting her through the tough times. She should not omit her strong tongue. "You've got to walk the talk," she says—and mentions the November, 1985, *Saturday Night* cover of Sheila Copps astride a Harley-Davidson." She had herself draped all over some big motorcycle. I drive one. If you're going to stand by one, drive it. Don't drape," she repeats, the deep voice lecturing now. "Drive it."

BRUCE WALLACE *in Ottawa*







Jacques Rousseau school: students complain of losing as much as $500

CHRIS GYHER MORRIS FOR MACLEAN'S

CANADA

Death and 'taxing'

Did teen extortion play a role in four suicides?

The police cruiser in the parking lot at Jacques Rousseau Comprehensive was the only outward hint that something was amiss. But the talk buzzing through the large redbrick high school in Longueuil, Que., on Montreal's South Shore, last week focused on two deeply troubling subjects: suicide and extortion. Students and staff grappled with a youth worker's suggestion that a 16-year-old boy who killed himself on Sept. 28, as well as three of his friends who committed suicide in the past nine months, had all been preyed upon by bullies. Richard Desjardins, director of a youth drop-in centre next door to the school, says that all four boys told him they were being "taxed"—the schoolyard vernacular for extortion. According to Desjardins, in one incident a baseball bat-wielding teenager demanding money forced the 16-year-old to his knees. Desjardins maintains the boy lived in fear of taxing by a local gang. "He spoke to me about it daily," says Desjardins. "All the kids talked about it."

It is a problem familiar to legal authorities throughout the continent, and police in the bedroom community of Longueuil have noticed a rise in "taxing" in the past few years. None of the four youths who killed themselves had complained to police, and none specifically mentioned taxing in their suicide notes. But any doubt that it was still a factor at Jacques Rousseau disappeared in the wake of the latest suicide. Since then, 11 students from the school have filed complaints with police about taxing, involving losses of clothing or cash ranging from $25 to $500. And police, in turn, responded last week by charging 18-year-old Benjamin Roy with 15 counts of extortion, uttering threats and robbery.

The suicide notes have provided some clues about the problems besetting the four victims, aged 16 and 17. They mentioned girlfriend and family troubles as well as the loss of a friend from an earlier suicide. Desjardins says the absence of any reference to taxing does not rule it out as a contributing factor. Despite the arrest, however, police cautioned that they had established no link between the deaths and extortion allegations. Suicide experts were also circumspect. "There are always many reasons for a youth or an adult to commit suicide," says Brigitte Lavoie, the head of Suicide Action, a nonprofit Montreal organization called in to counsel students at the youth drop-in centre last week. Although taxing may have been a factor, Lavoie adds, "we shouldn't underestimate the loss of their other friends by suicide."

For undetermined reasons, social workers in Quebec are confronting the worst teen suicide crisis in the country. In 1995, the province's suicide rate among 15- to 19-year-olds was 21.5 per 100,000, well above the national rate of 13.3. According to Lavoie, part of the problem is the difficulty authorities have in recognizing young men's aggressive behavior as a plea for help. A woman will ask for help by saying "I'm suffering," says Lavoie, while men say, "I hate you all." The four deaths among current and former Jacques Rousseau students follow a string of five suicides among students (four boys and a girl) at a high school in Coaticook, in the Eastern Townships—all caused, according to a coroner's report, by depression or other psychological afflictions.

At Jacques Rousseau, many students say they have never witnessed any extortion. And principal Pierre [illegible] place. But he also points out the limits of a school's ability to control events that occur outside its walls. "In a full year, there are 180 school days and 185 outside of it," Duclos says. "Our range of action is limited. Parents, family, the community, the city, the police—all interveners have to contribute to curb this sad record of suicides."

Concerted action by schools on the island of Montreal has brought the taxing under control, according to Pierre Gosselin, vice-president of the association of Montreal school principals. The problem was hard to control when it first emerged in the late 1980s, he says, because the threats were taking place on buses and in parks rather than on school property. Since then, school authorities have defined school territory as wherever the students are, says Gosselin. They also have a zero-tolerance policy on taxing and encourage students to report any incidents.



Duclos, insisting the school is a safe place

PHOTO BY PETER JAMES KIRA

Some students need no prompting. A 14-year-old at Jacques Rousseau filed a complaint with police last month after losing his trendy new $120 sneakers to three older and stronger youths who confronted him on the street on a Saturday night. One of them showed him a gun, the boy reports. "He was jealous of my shoes, that's all," says the boy, who trekked home in his socks in the rain. Whether it is called taxing or swarming, another of its names, that mode of theft is hugely unnerving to its victims. Just how unnerving is a question that police in Longueuil are confronting as they investigate new allegations of extortion at Jacques Rousseau Comprehensive against a tragic background of suicide.

BRENDA BRANSWELL *in Longueuil*

Dubious science

An inquiry raises doubts about a forensic lab

Guy Paul Morin knows the power of forensic evidence. The 37-year-old resident of Mississauga, Ont., was convicted of first-degree murder in 1992, largely because a few strands of fabric found in his car seemed to link him to the victim, his nine-year-old neighbor, Christine Jessop. DNA testing exonerated Morin in 1995, and a judicial inquiry into his wrongful conviction has established that the tests on the critically important fibre samples—done at the prestigious Centre of Forensic Sciences in Toronto—were in fact worthless because the samples became contaminated in handling. Last week, the reputation of the country's largest forensic testing centre suffered another blow. A report prepared by outside experts raised disturbing questions about the quality of hundreds of tests conducted there for more than a decade. "For years what the centre's scientists said was gospel," says Bruce Durno, Toronto-based president of the Criminal Lawyers Association of Ontario. "This really puts a cloud over the centre."

The provincial government, which runs the centre, stepped in immediately to dissolve that cloud—and to dismiss the possibility that anyone besides Morin had been wrongfully convicted of serious crimes on the basis of faulty forensic evidence. Dr. James Young, an assistant deputy minister to the provincial solicitor general and chief coroner of Ontario, says that most of the problems with hair and fibre samples showed up in the work of just one junior scientist, Stephanie Nyznyk, who tested the Morin samples, among others. She left the ceotre in 1987, and all the cases she worked on in her five years there will now be reviewed, Young says. He also acknowledges that hundreds of blood and semen samples had deteriorated before they could be tested properly when a serious backlog developed in the early 1990s. But in some cases, Young argues, that problem benefited defendants because it left prosecuting attorneys with one less piece of evidence to use in court. "We are not aware of any other wrongful convictions as a result of these problems," Young adds.

The centre launched the independent review after its shortcomings in handling fibre samples became public at the Morin inquiry, which has been under way since February. Between June and September, three U.S. forensic scientists inspected procedures at the 22-year-old Toronto facility, where a staff of almost 150 analyzes evidence from about 800 criminal cases across southern Ontario every month. Thomas Hopen, an expert from a private lab in Georgia who led a review of the hair and fibre division, found the current staff qualified and competent. "Nothing was noted that would cause grave concern," his report says. But after reviewing 35 cases Nyznyk worked on, Hopen's team reported that "conclusions may have been stated incompletely, [or] overstated, which may have led to evidence being given greater weight than justified."



PETER MACCOLL/MACLEAN'S

Morin: discredited testimony at his murder trial set off alarms about other cases

The review also uncovered problems in the centre's serology unit, where blood and semen samples are tested. Margaret Kuo, a California scientist who conducted that audit, found that when samples deteriorated during the backlog, the centre resorted to a method of testing that most labs avoided because it was too unreliable. More reliable methods had been developed by then, Young acknowledges, but the centre did not have enough scientists trained to conduct those tests. In any case, he says, Crown attorneys generally did not call scientists as witnesses if their tests yielded inconsistent or unreliable results.

Scientists from the centre did testify in hundreds of cases involving blood and semen samples, Young says. But he rules out any review of all those tests for possible inaccuracies, simply because of the scope of the task. The centre would have to examine testimony from hundreds of trials that took place all across southern Ontario, dating back 10 years or more, says Young, and try to determine whether its forensic evidence played any pivotal role in obtaining a conviction.

But according to some critics of the centre, such a review must take place. "I'd say every single case done by serology during this period should be reviewed—every one of them," says Dr. Edward Blake, an independent California-based forensic scientist. "If faulty analysis was being done, the implications are that erroneous information could have been presented in court. You also do not want a situation where there was good evidence but because of bad science, it prevented someone from being prosecuted."

The new report and Young's response did little to quell other long-standing complaints among defence lawyers. Durno says that, apart from the reliability issue, many members of his association believe the centre is too closely associated with the police and Crown attorneys. Occasionally, he says, it appears to behave like an investigating agency rather than a neutral examiner of potential evidence. "For years, defence lawyers have had difficulties with the relationship between the centre and the police and prosecution," he said. "They too often come to court and become advocates." Last week, however, the centre was challenged on much more than its neutrality. An institution charged with shining the pure light of science onto the justice system was forced to defend its basic competence.

D'ARCY JENISH

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Ezzanddind and customar: fears that haalth care has been compromised

CANADA LETTER FROM **BROOKS, ALTA.**

Boom times are back

When the prevailing wind is from the west, an unmistakable odor often wafts over this town. It's the kind of smell that makes visitors who don't know any better check the soles of their shoes to see if they stepped in something. But for residents of Brooks, Alta., 180 km southeast of Calgary, the occasional whiff is a gentle reminder of a giant meat-packing plant and an adjacent feedlot with 45,000 head of cattle. The two sites, on the town's outskirts, employ about 1,550 people, 900 more than last December. "We call it the smell of money," says Pete Falkenberg, outgoing president of the local chamber of commerce. And the scent of jobs is getting stronger. By the end of this year, Lakeside Packers intends to add another 800 employees, making it one of the largest packing plants in North America. Moreover, with 570 wells within a nine-kilometre radius, Brooks is in the heart of oil and gas country at a time of feverish drilling activity. The signs of a booming economy are everywhere, from the permanent "No vacancy" signs on local motels that accommodate oilfield workers, to an apartment vacancy rate near zero.

Brooks is not alone. Alberta's economy is expected to grow by 4.3 per cent this year, well ahead of the 3.4-per-cent national average. And Ralph Klein's Conservative government, meanwhile, finds itself with an embarrassment of riches. Over the past three years of a determined austerity drive, it has eliminated the provincial deficit and amassed budgetary surpluses totalling $4.6 billion. This year's surplus alone is expected to pass the $1-billion mark. Last week, in a bid to map a new fiscal strategy, 101 delegates to the Tories' two-day Growth Summit in Edmonton concluded that the government's priorities in a post-deficit era should be spending on health and education, not tax cuts for business and individuals.

Voters opt for spending over big tax cuts

But the best and brightest who gathered at the summit failed to reach any conclusions that were not already obvious among those who held a similar discussion at the Downtown Barber Shop on Second Street in Brooks. The two-chair shop has been a fixture in the community for 35 years and a popular meeting place where the issues of the nation are debated. Joe Ezzenddind, 29, took over the business three years ago when he moved his wife and four children from Edmonton to raise his family in a small-town atmosphere. He has kept the hot-stove tradition going with the offer of free coffee and plenty of freewheeling conversation. "Health care is what's on people's minds," says Ezzenddind. "People tell me that's where the government should be putting its money. They say that the cutbacks have gone too far and now you can't depend on the health system."

Sitting in the chair getting his $10 haircut, Jim Baird, 63, echoes that opinion. In August, his wife was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease—but has been told she cannot get an appointment with a specialist for at least six months. "The whole health system has deteriorated," says Baird, who operates a campground at nearby Bassano. "The government should be putting money back."

Waiting his turn for a haircut, Gerald Albert, a retired 58-year-old former government employee, agrees. While business representatives at the summit initially urged the Klein government to carve $660 million from business and personal taxes, Albert says tax cuts should come only after more money has been put into health care, education and improvements to highways. "Taxes don't kill you; disease and the lack of proper health care will," he says.

Brooks Mayor Bob Breakell makes it clear the surplus should go to helping communities cope with cutbacks to municipal grants. "Sure, Ralph Klein can say he hasn't raised taxes," Breakell says, "but he's downloaded costs onto municipal governments and forced us to raise taxes. It's time to stop cutting, put some money back into the system and let us catch our breath."

For others, such concerns seem academic. When Muriel Fitzpatrick, her husband, Patrick, and 24-year-old son, Roderick, left Newfoundland and arrived in Brooks last April, they spent three months living in their camper because they could not find a place to rent. But in only a few months, their fortunes have turned around. They have moved into a rented duplex and opened their own small restaurant—similar to one they closed due to lack of business in their home town of Burin. Roderick, meanwhile, has a job at Lakeside Packers. "Business is good—we couldn't be more happy," says Muriel, standing next to a Newfoundland flag stretched across the wall behind the counter. "Many of our customers are Newfoundlanders who came out here just like us." With no provincial sales tax, the nation's lowest unemployment rate and now a government looking for advice on how to spend its extra billions, more are likely to follow them in search of the so-called Alberta Advantage.

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Canada NOTES

PAY EQUITY DUSTUP

In an announcement that stunned its own employees, the Red Cross said it may have to lay off more than 5,300 home-care workers in Ontario. The beleaguered agency said it cannot afford wage increases as required under the province's 1988 pay-equity law. The Red Cross cares for about 71,000, mostly elderly, Ontarians, and estimates that raising wages by the Jan. 1 deadline would cost $35 million a year. Labor Minister Elizabeth Witmer refused to grant an extension and said the Red Cross will have to face the problem itself.

SAFETY IGNORED

In an interim report on the fatal Sept. 3 passenger train accident near Biggar, Sask., the Transportation Safety Board of Canada lashed out at Via Rail's safety practices. Among other problems, the board said some of the windows on the transcontinental train lacked proper escape hatches and functioning emergency lighting. The board also noted that Via had failed to follow recommendations it made after two other crashes in 1994 and 1995. One woman died and 64 people were injured in the Biggar derailment, which resulted from an overheated suspension bearing.

A WIN FOR FILMON

The Tory government of Manitoba Premier Gary Filmon won a byelection in the riding of Portage la Prairie. School trustee and farmer David Faurschou led the field of candidates, followed by the Liberals and the NDP. Independent Warren Goodwin came in last, even though his campaign was supported by the local riding association of the federal Reform party.

CHAN FIGHTS BACK

Vancouver-area MP Raymond Chan, testifying at his civil trial before the B.C. Supreme Court, denied sexually harassing his former aide Maria Trinh, and countered that Trinh's allegations amounted to character assassination. Trinh is suing Chan for wrongful dismissal. She says the Richmond MP stroked her hair and took her hand on different occasions. Chan acknowledged that he occasionally patted Trinh on the head in appreciation of her work, but denied stroking her hair or taking her hand. He is countersuing Trinh for damages.



Bouchard (left), Jospin: muted French support for sovereignty

The French connection

The trip brought mixed results—and a bit of embarrassment. Lucien Bouchard made his first official visit as Quebec premier to France last week, looking for support for his province's sovereignty from President Jacques Chirac. "The president told me in as many words that 'whatever road Quebec chooses, France will accompany it,' " Bouchard said. The president of la Francophonie, which represents 49 French-language states, was also supportive. "The world would have to respect the sovereign decision of Quebecers," Trinh Duc Du said. But French Prime Minister Lionel Jospin appeared less enthusiastic. Any decision by France to recognize Quebec, he said, would have to take into account the Canadian government's "assessment" of the post-referendum situation.

Meanwhile, a meeting with the Conseil national du patronat français produced some red faces. Jean Gandois, the head of the business group, said French investment in Quebec would not be affected by sovereignty—while his organization distributed documents noting that the 1995 referendum had been harmful to the Quebec economy. Amid the political posturing, France announced it will cancel plans to issue a commemorative stamp honoring former president Charles de Gaulle's 1967 visit to Quebec, when he rallied separatists but enraged Ottawa with his controversial cry "*Vive le Québec libre*."

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Toning it down

In a pointed response to recent attacks by B.C. politicians, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien tried to persuade disgruntled British Columbians that Ottawa is on their side. Speaking at a Liberal fund-raising dinner in Vancouver, he described Canada as an extended family and added that "like any family, not all members are completely happy about everything." That may be something of an understatement. Over the past four months, B.C. Premier Glen Clark has waged an acrimonious battle with Ottawa over its handling of the salmon war with the United States. Late last month, Tory Senator Pat Carney entered the fray when she sided with Clark, suggesting that the province should not rule out separation. In thinly veiled references to such remarks, Chrétien called them "very irresponsible," and said Canadians should "play down the rhetoric and work together to solve the problem."

School racism boils over

Racially troubled Cole Harbour District High School, 10 km east of Halifax, was the scene of a violent altercation last week that sent three students and a teacher to hospital. The latest incident in a series of race-related clashes that goes back almost a decade began with a fight between a white student and a black student. The brawl led to about 40 other students of both races squaring off in the school parking lot. The school suspended a dozen students as a result. The next day, some suspended students returned with parents demanding explanations, principal Gary Hartlen said, which led to heated arguments and one student punching a teacher in the eye. "People started running in from outside," said Jimmy Collins, one of the suspended students. "They were breaking computers and throwing things." Soon after, more fights started outside and a dozen police cars converged on the school. Nadine Cain, a parent, warned: "We have to do something here because it's going to get worse and someone is going to get killed." A week earlier, the Halifax regional school board received a report with 75 recommendations on how to ease tensions at the school, which draws students from white middle-class suburbs, and black and white working-class neighborhoods in the Dartmouth region. The recommendations include hiring more "racially visible" teachers.

Passport to trouble

Ottawa is outraged after Israeli agents pose as Canadian tourists

BY BARRY CAME



ALI JAREKJI/REUTERS

Meshal back home with his children; Hussein greets Yassin (right): intrigue

Khaled Meshal knows he is lucky to be alive—even if he remains mystified about precisely what it was that almost killed him. "It happened all of a sudden," recalled the 41-year-old Palestinian politburo chief of the militant Hamas, the Islamic Resistance Movement, as he recounted the bizarre details of his brush with death on Sept. 25. Accompanied by three of his sons and two bodyguards, Meshal was approaching his office in the bustling heart of Amman, Jordan's hilly capital city, when two men clad in blue jeans and T-shirts pounced upon him. One threw an arm around Meshal's neck, then brought a metal device wrapped in white cloth near his face. "I don't remember them touching me," Meshal said late last week as, fully recovered, he relaxed in his modest home in a middle-class sector of Amman. "But in my left ear, from the back of my head, there was a loud sound, a ringing. I got the chills, like I had been electrocuted. After that, I don't know anything."

The Hamas leader may have no memory, but what happened next was almost as strange as the incident itself—a tangled tale of Middle Eastern intrigue. Like any good spy story, it involves shadowy agents, murderous encounters, lethal gadgets and international double-dealing. Unlike espionage sagas, however, Canada is implicated, if only as an aggrieved—and highly indignant—victim. Israel, Jordan and the Palestinians who live in both countries are the principal players in the affair. But Canada's involvement is significant enough to have chilled diplomatic relations between Ottawa and Israel. It resulted in the recall "for consultations" late last week of Canada's ambassador to Israel, an official signal of displeasure proposed by Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy and sanctioned by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, both of whom, according to a senior Ottawa adviser, "are mightily pissed off" at Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu's government in Jerusalem.

Passports are the reason for Canada's official ire: the fact that Meshal's assailants were masquerading as a pair of Canadian tourists. While details remain unclear, it appears that the two men who attacked the Hamas leader had entered Jordan along with three male companions, all of them travelling on tourist visas stamped into forged or doctored Canadian passports. Despite Israeli denials, there is little doubt the five were part of a team sent into Jordan by Israel's secret services—Mossad in all probability—to assassinate Meshal. Israeli media reported that Netanyahu's government was seeking to retaliate for suicide bombings blamed on Hamas. The Israelis bungled the attempt and, in so doing, provoked a crisis in the complex, triangular relationship between Israel, Jordan and the Palestinians in the Middle East. The inept Mossad hit squad also managed to infuriate Canadian officialdom—at least for the public record. "I don't accept the fact that Canadian passports are being used for illegal purposes, by anybody," snapped Axworthy in a scrum with Ottawa reporters. "In this whole affair, we are an innocent party that has been badly used."

On the face of it, Axworthy seems to have a point. It is, however, a connection that might never have come to light had it not been for the bulldog tenacity of a single individual, Mohammed Abu Seif. He was one of Meshal's two bodyguards that morning in Amman when the Hamas leader was sprayed with what appears to have been a time-delayed nerve gas, an insidious poison that within 24 hours prompted an acute form of respiratory failure. It could very well have cost Meshal his life.

Abu Seif ultimately prevented that by taking off in pursuit of the two assailants, refusing to give up even after the pair jumped into a rented green Hyundai, carrying three other men. As the car sped off into Amman's heavy traffic, Abu Seif followed on foot. Twenty minutes later, he spotted the two attackers who, having abandoned the Hyundai at a local school, were casually strolling along a downtown street. Abu Seif tackled both, igniting a brawl that quickly attracted the attention of passers-by. Jordanian architect Omar Abu Rozeh was one of them. Arriving on the scene, he found a desperate, screaming local man, bleeding badly from a gaping wound in his head but clinging to two foreigners who, he gasped, were assassins. While the bystanders collared the foreigners, Abu Seif borrowed Abu Rozeh's cellular telephone. "He told someone on the other end of the line," Abu Rozeh told *Maclean's*, "that he had captured the men who tried to kill [the Hamas official], that he was taking them to the police station and that he thought they might be Israelis."

Although it took several days for the news to finally surface, Abu Seif's suspicions eventually proved to be correct. The Canadian passports of the two men currently being held in Jordanian jails—identifying one as Shawn Kendall, 28, and the other as Barry Beads, 36—turned out to be fakes. And while Israeli officials have yet to publicly admit that the jailed impostors are Mossad agents, Israel's role was tacitly confirmed last Wednesday when Sheik Ahmad Yassin arrived in Amman aboard a Jordanian armed forces helicopter.

The ailing, 61-year-old Yassin founded Hamas in 1987, an act that two years later earned the deaf, near-blind, quadriplegic sheik a life sentence in Israel. His sudden release from Ramle Prison hospital was widely seen to be the result of a hasty deal, worked out between Israel's Netanyahu and Jordan's King Hussein with the timely intervention of U.S. President Bill Clinton. According to diplomatic



REUTERS

sources in both the Middle East and North America, Hussein was outraged on learning of Mossad's involvement in the attack on Meshal, fearing it would undermine the fragile peace process in the region. He was also concerned about the stability of his own kingdom where 60 per cent of the population is of Palestinian origin—most of them deeply suspicious of Hussein's relationship with Israel. The King telephoned Netanyahu, warning that relations between the two countries teetered on the brink of collapse.

The Israeli prime minister responded by quietly dispatching a cabinet-level team of officials to Amman for a weekend of face-to-face negotiations with the King's younger brother, Crown Prince Hassan. Hassan, in turn, flew to Washington, where he sought the "good offices" of President Clinton in persuading the Israelis to accept a deal that called for the release of Sheik Yassin in return for a promise to make "every possible effort" to free the two jailed attackers with the fake Canadian passports. There was an added proviso—Israel had to agree to supply an antidote for whatever it was that was gradually killing Meshal, by then hospitalized at the King Hussein Medical Center in Amman. In the end, faced with no practicable alternative, Israel agreed, freeing Yassin and providing the antidote for Meshal.

> The bodyguard gave chase, probably saving his leader's life

None of which would have likely happened had it not been for bodyguard Abu Seif's intervention. "The guard foiled the whole thing," noted Marawid Tell, a former Jordanian ambassador to the United Nations, who is now a political analyst in Amman. "Without him, the Israelis would have succeeded in killing Meshal because nobody would have been sure that it was a Mossad attack and no antidote would have been supplied. Israel could then have easily blamed it all on [PLO leader Yasser] Arafat, who is already engaged in a crackdown on Hamas, which would have caused further divisions among Palestinians."

By the same token, Canada would not have been drawn into the affair either, simply because no one would have known that Meshal's assassins had performed their gruesome task disguised as Canadian tourists. Instead, once the news broke about the Israelis' use of Canadian documents, anger began to mount in Ottawa. David Berger, Canada's ambassador to Israel, arrived back in Canada on the weekend after his recall for consultations, a move described by Foreign Minister Axworthy as "a fairly serious step." Not serious enough for the Reform party's foreign affairs spokesman Bob Mills, who called for visa, trade or intelligence sanctions to force Israel—or at least Mossad—to sit up and take notice. "To get the message across, I'm not sure that recalling an ambassador is enough," said Mills.

Despite the uproar, it was still unclear precisely how Canadian passports came to be in the hands of the Israeli hit squad. The five members of the team, all travelling on Canadian documents, apparently entered Jordan on Aug. 19, each with a tourist visa, and eventually took four rooms at the Inter-Continental Hotel in Amman. Only three have been identified so far: the two jailed in Jordan—posing as Shawn Kendall and Barry Beads—and a third individual—using the name Guy Eris—whose whereabouts remain unknown. Last week, the real Shawn Kendall, a Toronto-born Canadian working for the United Israel Appeal in Tel Aviv, showed up, telling CTV News from behind the closed door of his home in the Israeli city: "I am the innocent victim in some screwed-up situation and I just wish it would all go away."

That is highly unlikely, at least for the moment. The genuine Kendall has been twice visited by Canadian Security Intelligence Service operatives. He has, according to Axworthy, been "fully cooperative," providing information that demonstrated the impostor's passport was a "forgery, using false photographs and signatures on another passport, which was in some form a duplicate of the one he was holding." As for the real Beads, he, too, is believed to be a Canadian-born resident of Israel.

Norman Spector, Canada's former ambassador to Israel and now publisher of the *Jerusalem Post*, helped to fuel the controversy by publicly wondering if "Canadian intelligence authorities were involved in this operation with the Israelis." That remark drew a blunt denial from current CSIS director Ward Elcock. "We had absolutely no involvement whatsoever in any of the activities that took place in Jordan or are alleged to have taken place in Jordan," he declared. At the same time, Elcock dismissed suggestions that CSIS might have helped Mossad to obtain Canadian documents. That particular denial was heartily endorsed by James Warren, who retired three years ago from his post as deputy director of CSIS. "In all my 35 years in the security services," Warren maintained, "I can only recall one instance when Canadian passports were knowingly issued to foreign nationals, and that happened when we documented those American diplomats to get them out of Teheran [in 1980] before they were taken hostage."



Netanyahu, wife Sara toast Jewish New Year: an 'infantile decision'

If there has been a cooling in the relationship between Canada and Israel as a result of the passport scandal, however, it is not a chill that is likely to endure. Officials at Canada's foreign affairs department doubt that Ambassador Berger's consultations in Ottawa will take very long, probably just time-consuming enough to allow him to return to Israel soon after the current Jewish religious holidays, which end with Yom Kippur this weekend. "In the grand scheme of things, all of this is just a blip," observed Alex Morrison, executive director of the Canadian Institute of Strategic Studies. "The Canadian government is obviously taking this incident very seriously—recalling your ambassador is a strong diplomatic move, after all. But in the long run I don't think it will fundamentally damage Canada-Israel relations."

It may make it slightly more difficult for Mossad, or any of Israel's other security services, to resort to the use of Canadian passports—for a while, at least. But there are plenty of Canadian passports in circulation, some six million at the moment (page 28). And 10,000 of those are reported lost every year. At least a few will likely end up in the eager hands of Israel's spies.

In the Middle East, however, the impact of the failed attempt to assassinate Meshal may be more lasting. Jordan University political scientist Radwan Abdullah said that most of the kingdom's inhabitants are viewing the deal that Hussein struck with the Israelis as an attempt to make the best of a bad situation. "The public is not pleased by the king's manoeuvre," he argued. "They see it as fake, as a cheap public relations move, that a way was found, probably by the Americans, for him to save face." Abdullah predicts that Hussein will slowly cool the peace process with Israel. "If he is prudent, and he usually is, he will gradually freeze the peace just like the Egyptians did."

As for Israel, the affair's impact is likely to be mixed. The Israelis found an expedient way to release Sheik Yassin before he died in prison and became yet another martyr. But the incident has deeply embarrassed many in the Israeli leadership. "There will be egg on a lot of faces, from Netanyahu on down," said Benny Morris, author of a history of Israel's intelligence community. The prime minister, who almost certainly gave the personal go-ahead for the Jordanian operation, is already under attack by opposition legislator Yossi Sarid, who late last week demanded a parliamentary investigation of the "infantile decision taken by the prime minister."

If there are any winners in the affair, it is probably Hamas. Meshal is still alive, exuberantly describing the attempt on his life as an incident that has "destroyed the legendary image of the Mossad." Hamas's archenemy Israel has been embarrassed, its tactics exposed. Even more, Hamas has won the implicit political recognition of King Hussein. And finally, Mossad, having botched one attempt to kill a Hamas leader, may now, in the words of political scientist Abdullah, "think again" before attempting something similar with the rest of the organization's hierarchy.

For the moment, the two alleged assassins remain locked up in a Jordanian jail, awaiting the outcome of an investigation into attempted murder. Few in Jordan expect the pair ever to face trial. Most feel they will be quietly shipped back to Israel once the current uproar dies down. But all concur that they chose the perfect cover to mask their activities. "If it were not for that [body]guard, I'm sure they would have got well away," said former UN ambassador Tell. "Who would ever have suspected a couple of Canadian tourists?" Who indeed.

With STEPHANIE NOLEN in Amman

A HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION

In the deadly shadow war between Arab and Jew in the Middle East, Israel's secret services have demonstrated a ruthless and inventive mastery of the black arts of kidnap and assassination. Among the many casualties attributed to the long arm of Israeli vengeance:



Hooded Arab at the Munich Olympics in 1972: vengeance

1979 Ali Hassan Salameh, architect of the massacre of 11 Israeli athletes during the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich, is killed on a Beirut street by a remote-controlled car bomb.

1988 Khalil al-Wazir, aka Abu Jihad, the PLO's second-in-command, is shot to death in his beachfront office in Tunis by a squad of seaborne Israeli commandos.

1989 Sheik Abdel Karim Obeid, spiritual leader of the Iranian-backed Hezbollah, is kidnapped in south Lebanon and transported to an Israeli prison.

1992 Hezbollah guerrilla leader Abbas Musawi is ambushed and killed in Israeli-occupied south Lebanon.

1994 Islamic Jihad activist and journalist Hani Abed dies when his car explodes in the Gaza Strip.



'Engineer' Ayyash: phone bomb

1995 Islamic Jihad leader Fathi al-Shiqaqi dies on a busy street in Sliema, Malta, when he is shot five times in the head by two assailants on a passing motorcycle.

1996 Yahiya Ayyash, known in the Hamas movement as "the engineer" for his skill in bomb-making, is decapitated when 50 g of explosives planted in his cellular telephone detonates as he makes a call.

A highly prized document

Spies love Canadian passports



Canadian Ambassador David Burger in Tel Aviv: good guys

PETER BOWERS

Among the cloak-and-dagger crowd, it has long been coveted as the passport of choice. Inoffensive, multi-ethnic and untainted by any past history of imperial sin, the small blue booklet with Canada's gold coat of arms on its cover has masked a multitude of misdeeds in the shadowy world of international espionage. "Israeli agents are not the only people with a fondness for Canadian passports," confides a veteran warrior of Canada's clandestine services. "The Germans use it to document their illegals, the Russians use it to document their illegals, the British have done it for the same reason, even the Americans have been known to use it on more than one occasion."

There is no mystery about the reasons. "Canadians are the good guys," says Alex Morrison, executive director of the Canadian Institute of Strategic Studies. "We've never been a colonial power, never declared war on anybody. We're noted for inventing peacekeeping, for our foreign aid, for our objectivity. It's all helped to make us one of the world's most attractive nationalities. welcome just about anywhere." Just as importantly, Canada is a nation of immigrants, populated by people of virtually every race and creed. "Our passport's color-blind," says Morrison. "Everybody's got a cousin somewhere."

Not least in Israel. The bungled assassination attempt in Jordan is not the first time that Israel's secret service has been caught manipulating Canadian passports. In 1973, Israeli agents travelling on doctored Canadian passports botched another execution attempt in Lillehammer, Norway. A team from Mossad, the Jewish state's external security service, killed Ahmed Bouchuki, mistaking the Moroccan-born waiter for the Palestinian who planned the murder of Israeli athletes at the 1972 Munich Olympics. One member of that hit squad, arrested by Norwegian police, was found to be using the identity of Canadian Patricia Roxborough, a legal secretary whose passport had been stolen months earlier from the desk of her Montreal office.

The following year, 50 blank passports were stolen from the vault of the Canadian Embassy in Vienna. One of those documents, traced by the registration number, turned up a year later in Nicosia, Cyprus. It was left behind by a member of a Mossad team that had detonated explosives under the hotel bed of a sleeping Palestinian guerrilla leader, killing him instantly.

In addition to outright theft, Israel's clandestine services have other means to obtain Canadian documents. It is an open secret that new immigrants to the Jewish state, especially from Canada, are sometimes encouraged to donate passports, both valid and expired, to unidentified bureaucrats in the interests of what is euphemistically known as "the security of the state."

There also appears to be a thriving black market in Canadian passports, both genuine and faked. Canadian officials have no inkling of how large the illicit traffic might be in the 1.3 million passports that are issued annually, but they privately acknowledge that it is happening. As for the forgeries. Mossad defector Victor Ostrovsky, in the 1991 book he co-authored with Canadian journalist Claire Hoy, *By Way of Deception*, described a secret Israeli factory engaged in the manufacture of forged passports, including a batch of more than 1,000 Canadian documents. Israel's spies might be embarrassed by the revelation. But, as events in Jordan have clearly demonstrated, not enough to forgo the benefits of posing as the world's nice guy.

BARRY CAME *in Toronto*

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WHEN ONLY THE FINEST WILL DO

Diana's true story

Police chase the facts as an author chases sales

It was, perhaps, a kind of closure. A month after the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, her former husband gently asked the world to stop sending messages of condolence. Prince Charles and sons William and Harry have received more than half a million cards, letters and parcels, each carefully opened and acknowledged by 50 temporary staff crowding the prince's offices at St. James' Palace. Delivering Charles's heartfelt thanks, a spokeswoman said the office now had to return to business as usual. "Regrettably," she said, "the time has come when we can no longer acknowledge letters."

Whether that would dampen the fascination with all things Diana was another question. Last week, people were still placing flowers in front of Diana's Kensington Palace residence and at the Tunnel de l'Alma in Paris, scene of the devastating car accident that killed the princess, her lover Dodi Al Fayed and driver Henri Paul. The only survivor, bodyguard Trevor Rees-Jones, finally flew home to Britain in a special ambulance helicopter. But tour companies using low-ceilinged minibuses still took foreign visitors through the tunnel, slowing near the 13th pillar where the speeding Mercedes crashed. Someone had even managed to paint the pillar red.



REUTERS - PICTURE

Rees-Jones heads home: he could still recall nothing of the fatal ride

The Diana Phenomenon got a more controversial boost from the republication of the 1992 book *Diana: Her True Story*, which revealed the full extent of her unhappiness with Charles and the Royal Family, as well as her suicide attempts and eating disorders. As the promotion effort geared up, author Andrew Morton disclosed that Diana herself was the key source for the book. Previously, the 44-year-old former tabloid journalist had said his information came from her close friends, acting with her permission. Last week, however, he said the princess gave him lengthy taped answers to his written questions via "a trusted intermediary." She also made revisions to the manuscript (crossing out a reference to Charles as the man she "longed to marry" and writing, "was in love with") and approved every page. "To all intents and purposes it was her autobiography," Morton said. Diana and Charles separated six months after the book first appeared, selling 5 million copies worldwide. The arrival of the new edition caused a mini-storm in Britain. "This man is using the princess's memory as a moneymaking machine," said Labour MP Alice Mahon. Buckingham Palace issued a brief, tart disapproval of the reissue "so soon after the princess's death."

Just how she died came under graphic scrutiny in Paris. Late one evening, police closed off the Tunnel de l'Alma and brought in a white flatbed truck bearing the tangled wreckage of the Mercedes, wrapped in plastic. For the next four hours, according to police sources, a crane lifted the wreckage from one point of impact to the next. First, it was placed against the wall where, paint marks show, it glanced off as it rushed into the tunnel. Then, after laser-equipped police surveyors worked out its likely trajectory "millimetre by millimetre," as one source said, on its chaotic slide through the tunnel, the car was hauled up against the 13th pillar. It was finally laid against the wall where photographers came across it, its horn blaring, seconds after the crash. Senior British diplomats in Paris say they are impressed by the police effort. "It may take weeks or months," said one, "but they want to make sure that every angle has been covered."

The likely next step will be a "full reconstruction" of the accident. This exercise, common practice in France in serious crime or accident cases, will involve all possible witnesses. The nine photographers and a photo agency motorcyclist charged with manslaughter and failure to assist at the scene will attend, as will their lawyers. So will the police who dealt with the accident, the rescue teams and any other direct witnesses still available.

Police scientists, too, have been examining the wrecked Mercedes, particularly its anti-lock braking system. This should have prevented the car's brakes from seizing up, but there were long skid marks in the tunnel that have yet to be explained. Investigators are still looking for another car, apparently a Fiat Uno, that blue paint traces and tail-light shards indicate might have been involved in a brush with the Mercedes. New tests of driver Paul's body tissue, meanwhile, showed a state of "moderate chronic alcoholism," which police said indicated he had been drinking heavily in the days before the crash. Other tests have repeatedly shown that Paul was more than three times over the legal limit for alcohol at the time of the accident.

Police also questioned bodyguard Rees-Jones for a second time, before he left the Paris hospital where he had undergone more than 10 hours of facial surgery. But as in a session two weeks earlier, Rees-Jones said he could recall nothing of Diana's last ride. After that, investigating judge Hervé Stephan cleared Rees-Jones to fly home. Investigators, who plan a third session in Britain soon, hope the bodyguard's memory will slowly return. But even then, his doctors say, his recollections might be only partial and therefore unreliable. Full closure may be a long way off.

BERTON WOODWARD *with* *JULIAN NUNDY in Paris*

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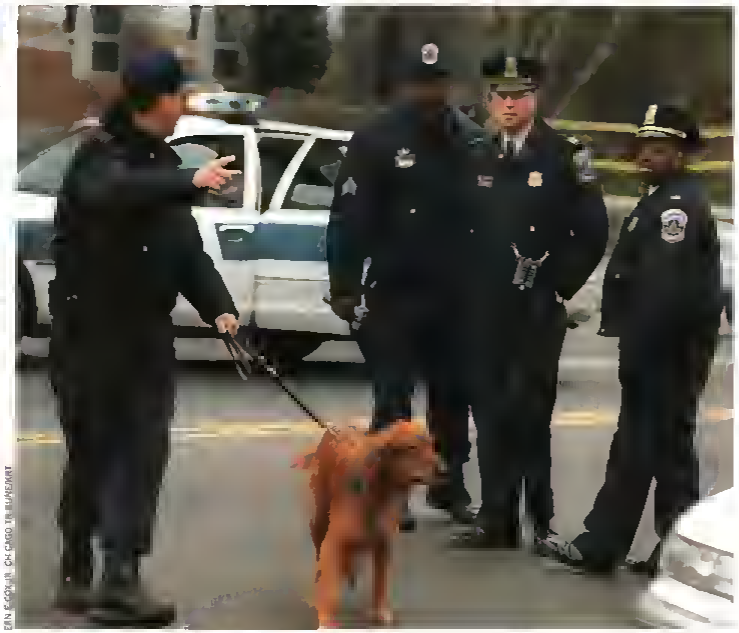
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A blight at the centre of power

ANDREW PHILLIPS
IN WASHINGTON



ERIN CLARK—THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE/NEWSMAKERS



VINCE LUPO

District of Columbia police; Barry (left): stripped of most of his authority

Washington is an urban mess—and many blame its mayor

The southeast corner of Washington, D.C., is a rough part of town, a far cry from the tourist city of magnificent monuments and fashionable Georgetown streets. It is the kind of place where even the police get nervous, which is exactly what happened on one recent day. Two dozen officers were about to start their daily shift patrolling the neighborhood, when they discovered they had only two working police radios among them. Afraid to go out without them, they spent their entire shift huddled on a street corner—leaving one of the most crime-ridden parts of the city unprotected. It was, says Carl Rowan Jr., a Washington lawyer and anti-crime activist, a telling and not untypical incident in a city where local government has failed on just about every level. "They can't even provide working radios for the police," he says. "What kind of message does that send to citizens?"

These days, the message is a sombre one: the city is not working, and outsiders are coming in to sort it out. The U.S. federal government has stripped the city's controversial mayor, Marion Barry, of most of his powers and handed them to an appointed control board. The problems, building for years, have become acute—and they underline what has always been the fundamental truth about Washington: that it is at once both the imposing capital of the World's Most Powerful Country and a particularly troubled example of urban America. Even in good times, its local politics are a tangled web of old-style patronage, comic mismanagement and edgy racial rhetoric. But this is a low point, crumbling schools that do not open on time, the United States' highest rates of infant mortality, tuberculosis and new AIDS cases, and a police department that fails even to properly equip its frontline officers. All that—despite some of the highest per capita spending of any city in the country.

At the centre is Barry, the 61-year-old veteran mayor who has become a lightning rod for the growing chorus of critics of how Washington is run. Barry was first elected in 1978 as an energetic civil rights activist in a city that is two-thirds black. During the 1980s, he used rising tax revenues from an economic boom to expand the city's workforce and put many of his own supporters on the payroll. And he became a national figure in 1990 for something he would like to put behind him: he was videotaped by police smoking crack cocaine in a hotel room. Barry dropped out of politics, served six months in prison, then made a comeback in 1994 by winning re-election on a theme of "redemption." Voters gave him a second chance, but the evidence of the past several months is that he has blown it.

Even in Barry's political stronghold—the poor, overwhelmingly black neighborhoods that few white residents and almost no tourists ever see—there are signs that patience is wearing thin. The slums east of the Anacostia River are little more than a kilometre from Capitol Hill, but they might as well be in a different city. "It's the proverbial railroad track—you just don't cross it," says Lamont Mitchell, who owns the Imani Cafe, the only sit-down restaurant in an area of 50,000 people. The cafe serves soul food and its walls show a distinct political tilt: portraits of African American heroes like Martin Luther King and Frederick Douglass, a slave collar, and a copy of 1970s activist Angela Davis's FBI wanted poster. Mitchell is involved with a church that serves as a centre of local community action, and is the kind





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of person who would have been among the mayor's strongest supporters in the past. These days he is not so sure. "People just want a better place to live. With Marion, his pride and his ego get in the way."

At the same time, Mitchell and most other black voters resent the treatment the city has received from the federal government. Some find parallels between the District of Columbia's spotty history of democracy and their own struggles for civil rights. "This isn't the first city to get in trouble, but they didn't take away their mayors," says Mitchell. "If it was a majority white city, they would never treat it this way." In fact, the U.S. Congress, which ultimately runs the District, has been whittling away at Barry's powers for two years, ever since it appointed a control board to take over some of the functions of the mayor and city council. In August, it gave most of their remaining authority to the board while assuming responsibility for the city's $6.8-billion pension liability and promising an extra $1.3 billion in federal funding over five years. The deal made the control board's chairman, a black economist named Andrew Brimmer, the most powerful local official—and left the mayor with direct control of little but recreation, tourism and economic development.

Since then, Barry has been trying to turn his political emasculation to his advantage. "Democracy has been raped," he thundered, while his supporters protested a return to "plantation politics"—a calculated reference to the time when white southern Democrats ran the District as a private fiefdom through their control of key congressional committees. In fact, the District was created by Congress so that the politicians would not be under the sway of any state, and they governed it directly for more than a century and a half. Its residents had no voting rights until 1964, when they first cast ballots in a presidential election, and were allowed to elect a mayor and council only in 1974. Now, so-called home rule is being rolled back—something Barry insists is unjust no matter what difficulties the city has.

The mayor's office on the 11th floor of a modern building two blocks north of Pennsylvania Avenue has a view of the Capitol, where what Barry calls the Republican plot to destroy democracy in the District was hatched. It is, he said in an interview, as offensive as anti-democratic actions in places like Haiti and Somalia. "If what had happened here had happened with any foreign government, the United States would probably be prepared to send troops in to stop it." He freely acknowledges that Washington has more than its share of problems, but blames them largely on an administrative structure so unwieldy that he himself has called it a "management nightmare."

Until Congress acted in August, for example, Washington was responsible for its own prison, court system and welfare program, as well as city functions like police and fire protection. Its tax base is limited because it cannot make levies on federal property or impose a commuter charge on the tens of thousands of people who work in the District but live in wealthier adjacent suburbs in Maryland and Virginia. "This structure was bound to collapse," says Barry. "The question was when."



Mitchell in his café: 'People just want a better place to live'

VINCE LUPO

Barry encouraged residents to protest—but the results were meagre. A handful of demonstrations drew only a few hundred people, most of them activists or members of the mayor's political machine. The vast majority stayed silent, even though many black voters share Mitchell's suspicion that Washington's problems would never have been allowed to become so bad, and its elected council would never have been brushed aside so cavalierly, if its racial balance was reversed.

In fact, it is the District's black voters who suffer most from the sorry tally of social problems. They are worst in poor, mainly black areas like Anacostia, whose residents cannot afford to move to the suburbs. Many people *have* left: the District's population is only 543,000, down 10 per cent since 1990. This year, its public schools did not open until Sept. 22, three weeks late, because inspectors found 11,000 fire-code violations, including leaky roofs in 43 schools. The city spends $13,300 a year per pupil—20 per cent above the national average—but many schools are decrepit and students have the lowest test scores of any urban area in the country. The longer they spend in the system, a study for the control board concluded, the worse off they are likely to be.

Spending on fire protection and police is also above average, but services fall far short. For several years in the late 1980s and early '90s, when crack cocaine fuelled an epidemic of gang violence, Washington had the highest murder rate in the United States. New Orleans now owns that unhappy record, but the capital still has one of the worst homicide rates (393 murders last year)—and one of the poorest records of solving them. Just last week, the police department brought in FBI agents and federal drug enforcement officers to help it clear up 136 unsolved murder cases. Rowan, the lawyer who heads a citizens' group called The Alliance for Public Safety, blames the situation on the mayor, who appointed many of his own supporters to jobs in the department. "He took a professional police department and made it just another patronage opportunity," says Rowan. "He virtually destroyed it."

Still, Barry remains the favorite if he decides to run for a fifth term next year. There is no obvious black candidate to challenge him, and he is still a formidable politician who knows how to play on the pride of African-American voters. But Mark Plotkin, political analyst with a public radio station in Washington, says Barry seems to have little interest in actually running the city. "He came back in '94 more as a personal statement than a political one," says Plotkin. "He's not much interested in governing any more. He just wants to be mayor. This is his world, this is what he feeds on." For now, though, Barry can do little but watch as others wrestle with the woes of America's troubled capital. □









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Celebrating reunification in Berlin: a search for identity

WORLD GERMANY

War and memory

Dealing with the past causes unending debate

BY NOMI MORRIS

After screen legend Marlene Dietrich died in 1992, hundreds of fans made a pilgrimage to her grave site at the back corner of a leafy Berlin cemetery. There on the freshly laid dirt, the words of one handwritten note stood out among the wilting flowers. "Marlene, Germany didn't deserve you," it said, in the self-critical tone of a postwar generation ashamed of the country's past. Five years later, Germans are again agonizing over Dietrich's controversial role in their past—amid heated debate over naming a street or square for her. The sultry icon of film and song, who rose to fame as naughty Lola in director Josef von Sternberg's 1930 classic *The Blue Angel*, took out American citizenship in 1937 to protest against Nazism. She never returned to live in Germany and once called the more than 500 performances she gave to Allied troops "the only important thing" she ever did. For many fans, that record is part of her greatness. But to those Berliners who oppose immortalizing her with the city's paving stones, she remains—despite her renown and the nation's contrition over the war—a traitor.

"In 1945, she was a liaison officer in an American uniform who marched into Germany with the victors," said one elderly resident of the Berlin district of Schöneberg, which proposes to rename a square for Dietrich near her birthplace. "Must we honor her?" In August, the neighboring Tiergarten district trumped Schöneberg's offer by approving its own Marlene square as part of the massive Potsdamer Platz commercial and residential redevelopment going up in the heart of the city. That spot borders a new film museum that is to house more than 100,000 of Dietrich's personal effects.

The fight over Dietrich's legacy is just one of many controversies over memorials and remembrance that continually tear at Germany's conscience—and have become more complex since the country's unification, seven years ago last week, on Oct. 3, 1990. This month, 26 entries will be registered for a new competition to build a central memorial to Jewish victims of the Holocaust, a monumental $11.7 million project that has been under discussion for nearly a decade. Smaller historical conundrums surface almost weekly. A recent initiative to restore a Jewish cemetery in eastern Berlin and mark the grave of philosopher Moses Mendelssohn ran into opposition from descendants of Nazi SS men buried in a mass grave on the same site. There is even a movement to remove cobblestones laid by the Nazis in 1935 in front of Berlin's Altes Museum with a replica of the gardens put there in 1832 by Prussian architect Friedrich Schinkel.

The scope for such exercises in memory reprogramming is infinite, says Daniel Libeskind, architect of a celebrated new building for the Berlin municipal museum that contains the city's Jewish Museum. "Germany has experienced such quick changes of history," says Libeskind. "There is suddenly a huge transformation overnight." This century alone, he notes, saw rule by the Prussian monarchy, the Weimar Republic and the Third Reich; the division of the country into Communist East and capitalist West, and ultimately the emergence of a united democratic Germany after the 1989 fall of the Berlin Wall. "There is really no escape," says Libeskind. "Every brick, every tree was witness to something. It is a question of what traces of the past are incorporated into the present and the future."

That struggle has become a central part of the 1990s search for a new German identity. Now, as the 1999 deadline nears for the Bonn government to relocate the capital to Berlin, that city has become the drawing board for attempts to reconstruct the image of a strong, united Germany. The result: citizens are constantly on the lookout for significance in symbols as mundane as street signs. Berlin's Charlottenburg district has just renamed the avenue leading up to Hitler's grandiose 1936 Olympic stadium—literally Reich Stadium Street—to honor Adolf and Gustav-Felix Flatow, two Jewish brothers who won gold for Germany in the 1896 Athens Olympics and later perished in Nazi death camps.

The historical flash point is usually the Second World War. But the arguments often

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reveal a nostalgia for the glory days of German history as well as a disdain for the physical remnants of communism. Many tourists are surprised to find that few pieces of the Berlin Wall have been left standing—although its slabs can be found in museums around the world. In 1994, a private group commissioned Paris artist Catherine Feff to erect a life-sized vinyl facade of the 17th-century Prussian Palace to hide the defunct copper-colored parliament of the former East Germany. The group hopes to rebuild the baroque palace. In recent years, more than 100 east Berlin streets have been renamed to remove Communist heroes from their signs.

Much of the revision deals with a simple desire to move on—from communism as well as Nazism. Architect Libeskind says the emerging corporate city at Potsdamer Platz makes few visual references to its prewar incarnation as the commercial hub of the city—let alone its years as a vacant lot beyond the former Cold War death strip next to the Wall. "Probably what is being built now will come to haunt it later," he says. "People will come back in 50 years and say, 'Where is the Potsdamer Platz of the 20th century?' and they will end up building a memorial to it."

Yet delving into the past has become something of a national obsession in Germany. Almost nightly, television stations run documentaries on the Nazi era, the loss of European Jewry and current anti-Semitism. The country's first comprehensive Holocaust museum has been set up at the Wannsee Villa, site of the 1942 dinner meeting when Hitler's top aides mapped out the Final Solution, a detailed plan to exterminate Europe's Jews. And there are plans to build a museum about the Third Reich over the underground labyrinth known as Hitler's bunker. Endorsing such efforts has turned into the German version of political correctness.

Last spring, neo-Nazis in Munich gained international attention when they protested an exhibition on the wartime crimes of the Wehrmacht, the regular German army. But far more people showed up to defend the exhibition, which had already run successfully in 15 German and Austrian cities. "The real story is that Germans, more than the people of any other country, deal with the inglorious and horrific parts of their past," says Harvard historian Daniel Goldhagen, whose 1996 book *Hitler's Willing Executioners* argued that Germans at all levels of society co-operated with the Nazis because they shared a virulent anti-Semitism.

Goldhagen has been pilloried in academic and media circles for his scholarship, but was embraced by the German public when he toured the country. He was later awarded Germany's prestigious Democracy Prize for stimulating national debate, no small feat for someone who accuses an entire population of sanctioning genocide. Goldhagen believes the passage of time has been critical in allowing Germans to confront the past. "Fifty years afterwards, Germans want to know what happened," he says. "Even the older ones are able to look back more directly, openly and honestly."

Few Germans question the need for memorials. The real debate is over how and where to remember. It was in 1988 that journalist Lea Rosh began her drive for a central memorial to Jewish victims of the Holocaust, and in 1989 that German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, strolling through the former no man's land at the heart of a reunited Berlin, raised his arm and said it should be there. A 1995 competition brought in proposals ranging from the profound to the impractical. But the two final choices, which each called for massive grave-like structures, were deemed too grandiose by Kohl. Meanwhile, the youth branch of his party opposed erecting the memorial in the core of the new government quarter while Gypsy and homosexual leaders questioned why Holocaust victims from their groups were not included.

Caroline Wiedmer, a Holocaust scholar from Seattle's University of Washington currently in Berlin, says abstract monuments like the one Rosh favors leave today's German youth largely unmoved. "The first generation after the Holocaust is building memorials for the next generation without taking into account their memory needs," says Wiedmer, who is writing a book on the subject. Like Goldhagen, she believes young Germans do care about the ugly parts of their past, but they are not burdened by it in the same way as their elders. "The youth are not against remembering," she says. "The question is how to do it in a meaningful way."

It is not only Germans who are grappling with that question. Fifty years later, Swiss banks, American art museums and even the Roman Catholic Church are re-examining their wartime actions. Last week, France's bishops issued a public apology for remaining silent when 76,000 Jews were deported during the Vichy regime. At the urging of Pope John Paul II, Polish and German bishops have made similar statements since 1994. In Germany, Marlene Dietrich has become the latest focus for the still painful wounds of the past. To some critics, monuments and renamed streets are just Band-Aids on those deep wounds. Clearly, though, even Band-Aids are an important part of the healing process. □

For some, Marlene Dietrich was a traitor



The actress in Morocco *with Gary Cooper: controversies that tear at the country's conscience*

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World NOTES

BOSNIA TV TAKEOVER

NATO-led troops took a Bosnian Serb TV station off the air after it broadcast a distorted report on Canadian Judge Louise Arbour, chief prosecutor at the UN war crimes tribunal in The Hague. The station, controlled by followers of accused war criminal Radovan Karadzic in Pale, excised Arbour's call for Karadzic's arrest and added commentary suggesting the tribunal was anti-Serb.

SUITCASE NUKES

A top Russian scientist confirmed that Moscow secretly developed portable nuclear bombs shaped like suitcases during the 1970s. Testifying before a U.S. congressional committee, Alexei Yablokov, formerly with Russia's National Security Council, contradicted recent Moscow denials. Yablokov said the KGB, not the [illegible] ordered the devices. Former Russian security adviser Alexander Lebed claims 100 of the bombs are missing.

OKLAHOMA TRIAL BEGINS

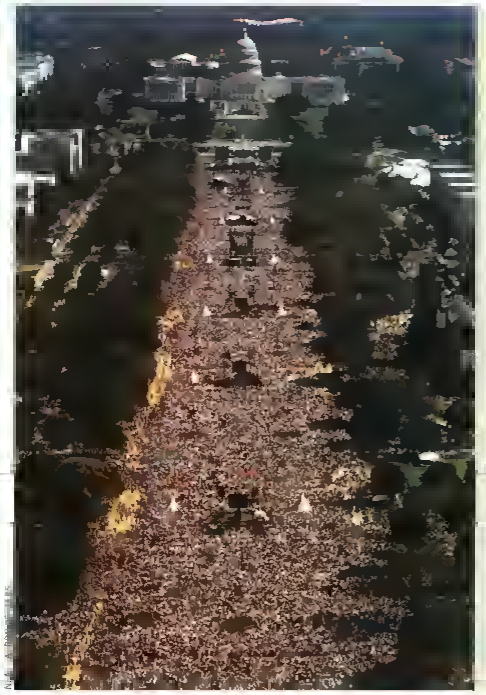
The second trial arising from the 1995 bombing of a government building in Oklahoma City that killed 168 people opened with a week of slow jury selection. Lawyers defending Terry Nichols, [illegible], were concerned that potential jurors might be biased by the conviction and death sentence meted out in June to mastermind Timothy McVeigh.

NEW QUAKE IN ITALY

A powerful earthquake shook central Italy, causing more damage to the 13th-century Basilica of St. Francis in Assisi. Two quakes a week earlier killed 11 people and brought part of the basilica's ceiling crashing down. The interior features frescoes by the early Renaissance master Giotto depicting the life of St. Francis, Italy's patron saint.

ROYAL WEDDING

Jubilant Spaniards lined the streets of Barcelona following the wedding of Spain's Princess Cristina, 32-year-old daughter of King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia, to Olympic handball star Inaki Urdangarin, 29. More than 1,500 guests, including representatives of 40 royal households, attended the globally televised ceremony. Known for her common touch and sense of humor, Cristina is the first Spanish royal to have attended university



TAKE-CHARGE GUYS: Hundreds of thousands of men gathered for a six-hour prayer meeting in Washington, organized by Promise Keepers, a growing Christian evangelical movement. The mainly white gathering, including hundreds of Canadians, pledged to become better husbands and fathers. Promise Keepers has angered women's groups by urging men to take control of their families. Praising the rally in his weekly radio address, President Bill Clinton [illegible] letting their families down. "The need for men to take responsibility for themselves and their families is something that unites Americans of all faiths and backgrounds and beliefs," Clinton said.

An expanded probe of Al Gore

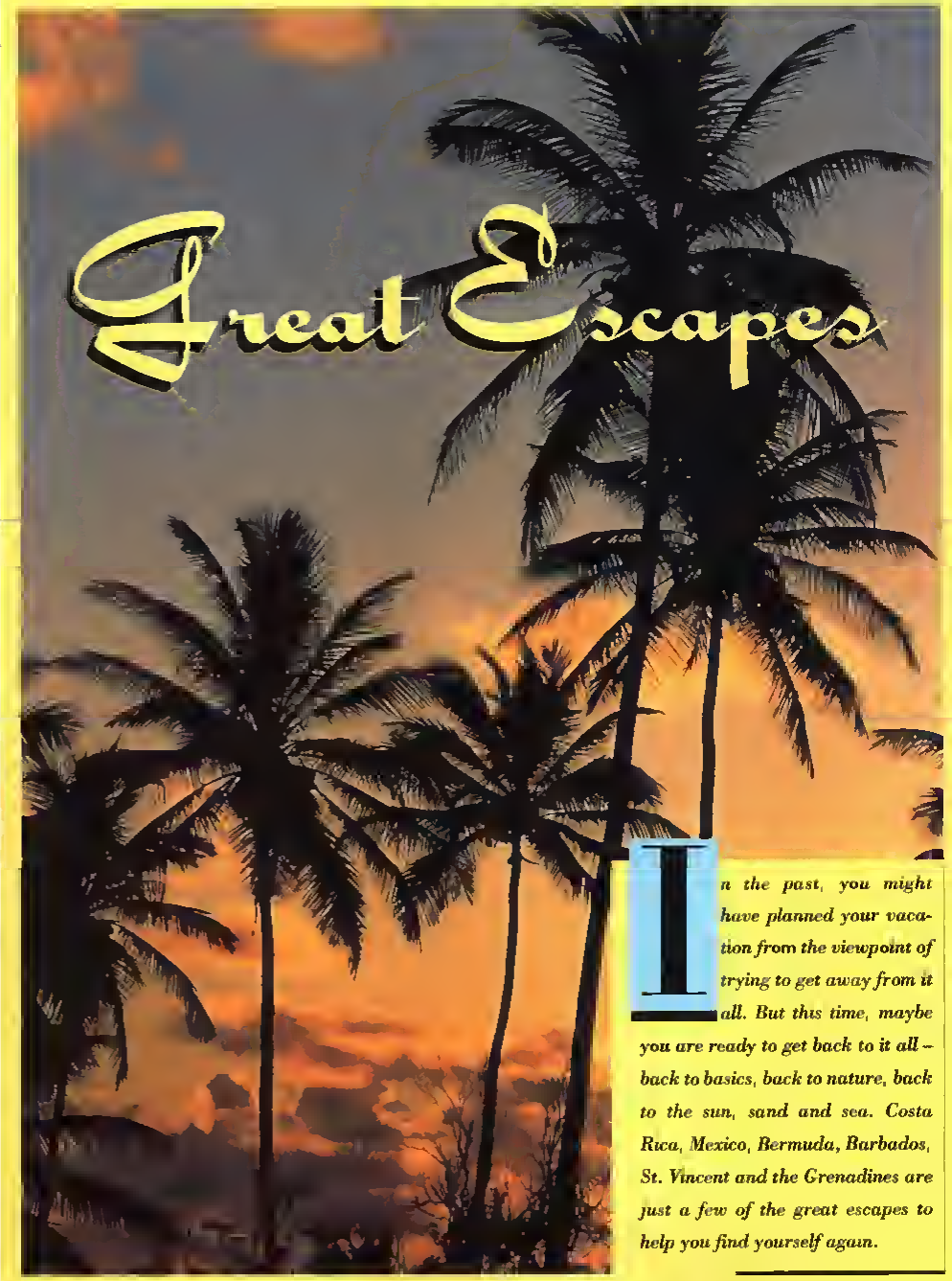
U.S. Vice-President Al Gore's woes deepened as Attorney General Janet Reno expanded her department's investigation into campaign fund-raising phone calls he made. The move darkened the political shadow over Gore, who has been considered his party's most likely presidential candidate in 2000. The vice-president, who says he did nothing wrong, has acknowledged making 46 phone calls from his office to collect money for the Democratic party. Reno's justice department must decide whether that violates an 1883 U.S. law that forbids soliciting campaign contributions in federal buildings. Reno extended the department's inquiry to 60 days from an original 30-day review "because of the complexity of the factual and legal issues presented by this matter."

At the same time, the department is conducting a 30-day review into a more explosive matter: whether President Bill Clinton himself violated the law. Clinton has said he does not recall making fund-raising calls from his office, and maintains that would be legal even if he did. Reno has until Oct. 15 to decide whether to expand the inquiry into Clinton's activities. Republicans have urged her to go further and appoint a special prosecutor to look into the alleged abuses.

The United States steps up pressure on Iran

Iran was at the centre of rising military and economic tension. The United States sent the aircraft carrier Nimitz steaming towards the Gulf from Asia after Iranian planes bombed bases in Iraq housing Iranian rebels. Washington said it would protect the no-fly zone over southern Iraq established after the Gulf War. The Americans were also angry over a $2.8-billion natural gas contract with Iran signed by France's Total group. The anti-terrorism Iran-Libya Sanctions Act, similar to the Helms-Burton law targeting Cuba, calls for U.S. action against foreign companies investing in Iran's energy industry. Diplomats hoped for a negotiated solution.

An advertising supplement to the October 13, 1997 issue of Maclean's magazine



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Costa Rica

Costa Rica is the darling of eco-tourists. It is located a few degrees north of the equator at the meeting point of the North and South American continents, with Nicaragua to the north and Panama to the south. At Costa Rica's most narrow point, only 75 miles (120 km) separate the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean.

Rainbow-colored parrots squawk from the treetops. Coffee farms flank steaming volcanoes. Warm-water surf washes up onto long, secluded beaches.

Within a few hours of the nation's capital, San José, the tableau changes from lowland rain forest, humid swampland and dry savanna to alpine forest and high-mountain tundra.

Easily accessible national parks and wildlife reserves are sprinkled throughout Costa Rica. And wildlife is everywhere. There are more butterflies than in the whole of Africa and more bird species than in Canada and the U.S. combined.

San José's museums, cultural centres and historic district are well worth visiting. Fantasia Folklorica is a spectacle of music and dance that depicts Costa Rica's legends and lores. The colorful cabaret blends traditional dances with avant-garde choreography and stunning backdrops.

But soon enough, you will want to explore the drive-up volcanoes, coffee farms and cloud-shrouded rain forest. The Butterfly Farm is a must-see. You can wander freely within a netted enclosure where scores of colorful butterflies flutter by in their quest for food and the perfect mate. Walkways lead from one natural environment to another. There are plenty of opportunities to witness butterflies emerging from pupae to begin a new life.

On the Pacific coast, lush rain forest spills down to the shoreline, where dozens of beaches beckon. Sea kayaking, snorkeling, scuba diving, speedy catamarans and natural-history boat trips are among the ways to explore this area. The surfing and sport fishing are world-class and you cannot miss the wildlife. You will see marine turtles, monkeys and many other wild creatures.

The Caribbean coast is a favorite of backpackers. Puerto Viejo is a mecca for surfers who enjoy its reggae-based nightlife. Further north, Tortuguero National Park is overflowing with wildlife wonders, such as crocodiles, manatees, and fish eating bats.

You can hike through the rain forest with an experienced guide or you can take the Rainforest Aerial Tram, a ski-lift style tram that cuts a swathe through the highest reaches of the jungle.

Fortunately Costa Rica's adventure travel industry is first-rate and you can also take your pick from a wide variety of resorts. The best time of year to visit is December, January and February because most regions are dry, yet the vegetation is still lush and green.

Mexico

Mexico's attraction is rooted in its fascinating ancient history. There are about 15,000 archeological sites, including hieroglyphics and pyramids. But lesser known are Mexico's natural wonders to enjoy. Mexico is home to nearly 30,000 species of flowering plants, including 1,000 kinds of orchids. There are more than 1,000 species of birds, including 50 kinds of hummingbirds alone.

Land mammals range from monkeys and jaguars to the desert shrew. Mexico is a breeding and nesting area for endangered sea turtles, dolphins and whales. Mexico is also a winter home for Monarch butterflies – from as far away as Canada.

There are countless eco-tourism opportunities because Mexico has 58 national parks and biosphere reserves. Choose from trips that last just a few hours, to expeditions that last two weeks.

Baja California and the Sea of Cortez area are well worth a visit for the sheer diversity and multitude of species you can see. There are 33 different kinds of reptiles - including the chuckwalla, a two-foot long (60 cm) lizard.

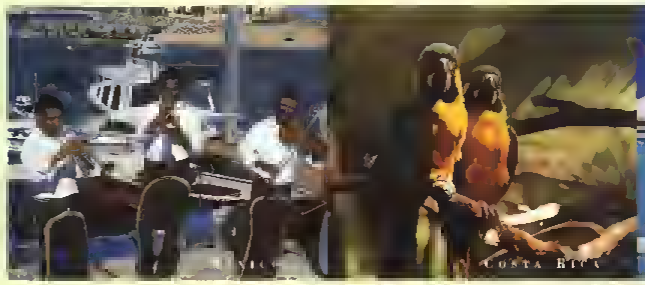


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The Sea of Cortez has grey whales, orca and humpback whales and 15 other whale, dolphin and porpoise species. There are giant manta rays that leap into the air and come crashing back into the sea. Fish range from tiny, bright neon-colored fish to 1,200-pound (540 kg) marlin.

Copper Canyon is four times larger than the Grand Canyon. Take the 16-hour train trip from Chihuahua to Los Mochis. You will see an incredible variety of terrain and vegetation, from snow-covered mountains to sub-tropical forests.

For an underwater perspective on ecology, try Cozumel, an island located 40 miles (65 km) south of Cancún. Cozumel offers crystal clear Caribbean waters with visibility up to 200 feet (60 metres) and the second longest reef in the world. It is one of the world's premiere diving and snorkeling destinations.

St. Vincent and the Grenadines

About 32 islands make up St Vincent and the Grenadines. The largest, St. Vincent, is 11-by-18-miles wide (17 by-28-km). The chain of smaller Grenadine islands fall to the southwest of St. Vincent. Most are no longer than a few miles but all have white coral sand and clear waters ideal for snorkeling, diving and sailing.

St. Vincent is a lush, volcanic island of steep mountain ridges, valleys and waterfalls. The rugged eastern coast is lined with cliffs and rocky shores while the western coastline dips sharply down into black and gold sand beaches.

The rich volcanic soil produces an abundance of fruits, vegetables and spices, such as coconuts, bananas, breadfruit, nutmeg and arrowroot.

The islands have integrated centuries of British heritage into the casual West Indian lifestyle. Cricket is a favorite sport and afternoon tea is served at some resorts.

Some of the smaller Grenadines retain traces of their French cultural heritage in language and custom. The most popular are Canouan, Bequia, Mustique, Mayreau, Tobago Cays, Union, Palm and Petit St. Vincent.

Canouan has about 1,000 residents who earn their living with a combination of farming and fishing. Mayreau has less than 200 residents







PHOTO CHARLES FERNEY

Tobago Cays has first class snorkeling and diving. Union Island has several hotels, sheltered anchorages and deserted beaches.

Palm Island and Petit St. Vincent are modern-day Robinson Crusoe stories. The inspiration for Palm Island came from John and Mary Caldwell, who eventually wound up here after cruising the world following the Second World War. Their pre-Palm Island adventures are chronicled in John's book, *Desperate Voyage*, which many consider a must-read for any would-be sailors. John's long-standing penchant for planting palm trees wherever he goes helped him transform what was previously barren rock in the Caribbean into a lush island resort.

Tiny Petit St. Vincent is world-renowned due to the efforts of Haze Richardson and Doug Terman. After careers in the U.S. Air Force, the two pooled their money and headed for the Caribbean. Along with Willis Nichols, they purchased the island and made it one of the world's most exclusive resorts.

Bermuda

Bermuda is not a Caribbean island. The island chain is located at about the same latitude as Savannah, Georgia, about 640 miles (1,000 km) east of North Carolina. The island is a mile-wide (1.6 km) on average and 23 miles (36 km) long. It is so well manicured it could pass for a floating golf course. Mark Twain called it the tidiest country in the world.

The homes look freshly painted in their famous pastel colors of pink, green and blue. Litter is rarely seen and the roads look newly paved. Rental cars are prohibited so most tourists rent motor scooters or use taxis and buses. Comedian Bob Hope filmed his 1990 Christmas Special in Bermuda and said, "No one's in a hurry here. They not only stop and smell the roses, they stop and watch them grow. Everyone is so relaxed. Even the stop lights say 'saunter' and 'don't saunter'. The speed limit is 20 mph. We go through a car wash faster than that."

Bermuda's beaches are famous for their blush pink color and idyllic, postcard-like scenes. Bermuda's beach sand is not volcanic in origin. Instead, it is composed of the finely pulverized remains of calcium carbonate shells such as the pink "foram" shelled creature. Bermuda also has one of the highest concentra-

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tions of limestone caves in the world. Leamington and Crystal caves are fascinating to explore. Bermuda is a favorite haunt of scuba divers because the waters are teeming with about 1,600 wrecks that circumnavigate the island like a lace necklace. Bermuda is steeped in history. It is the oldest continuing colony of the United Kingdom. The Maritime Museum at the Royal Naval Dockyard is a converted 19th-century Victorian fortress featuring recovered treasures and relics from island shipwrecks.

Besides the many superb opportunities for water and land sports such as world-renown golfing and boating, Bermuda has a lesser known, unique, end-to-end nature walkway (bikes are also allowed) called the Bermuda Railway Trail. In many places the trail is almost like walking through tunnels, except that the tunnels are trees, plants and flowers. Other enjoyable attractions include Dolphin Quest at the Southampton Princess where visitors join experienced trainers in games and hands-on contact with dolphins.

Soon to open is the Bermuda Underwater Exploration Institute, the first of its kind in the world. The 3,700-square-metre (40,000-square-foot) multimedia facility focuses on exploration, research and discovery in the waters around the world. Among the facility's highlights is The Dive, a seven-minute attraction that simulates a deep ocean dive 3,700 metres (12,000 feet) below the surface. Visitors enter a dive capsule for a realistic descent to the Atlantic Ocean floor, experiencing sights, sounds and temperature changes at different depths.

Bermuda is not an island for the financially-faint-of-heart. Prices are higher than most islands, but the quality of hotels, restaurants and attractions is five-star.

To encourage more travellers, especially families, for the first time in more than 15 years Bermuda is allowing charter flights to serve the destination — making it more affordable than ever. Half of Bermuda's Canadian visitors visit during the fall and winter when comfortable temperatures, averaging 20 degrees Celsius in January and February, are perfect for golf, tennis, hiking and exploring the island's many natural and cultural attractions.

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Written by Madison Tierney

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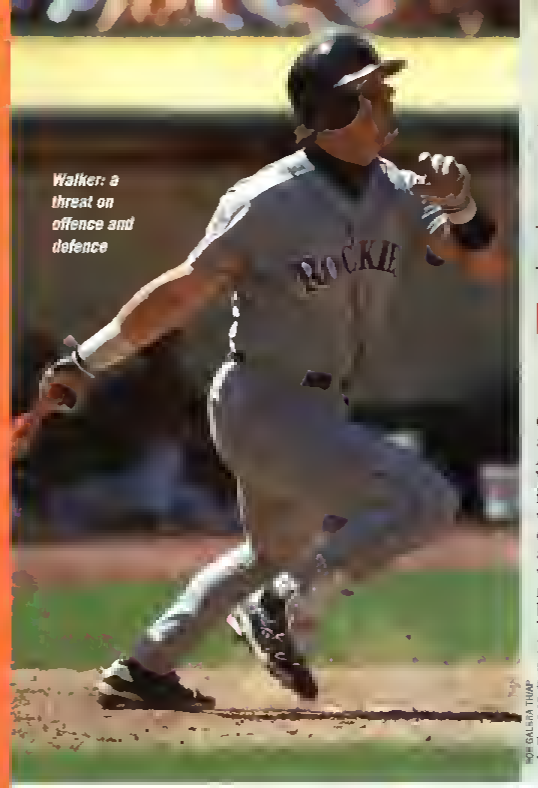
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Walker: a threat on offence and defence

BOB GALBRAITH THAP

People

Edited by
BARBARA WICKENS

Pitchers perfect

The baseball season may seem all too short for fans of the Montreal Expos or the Toronto Blue Jays, both of which failed to qualify for the current round of playoffs. But Canadians still have players to root for in the off-season race for individual honors. The Expos' **Pedro Martinez**, 25, and the Jays' **Roger Clemens**, 35, are both leading contenders for Cy Young awards, given to the top pitchers in the National and American leagues. And the Colorado Rockies' **Larry Walker**, a 30-year-old right-fielder from Maple Ridge, B.C., is the leading contender for the National League's most valuable player award. One of the game's best defensive outfielders, the eight-year veteran and former Expo was also a terror at the plate, leading the league with 49 home runs while finishing second in both batting average (.366) and runs batted in (130). Those accomplishments are particularly startling considering that baseball is the easygoing Walker's second sport—he preferred hockey as a kid in the Fraser Valley. Montreal manager **Felipe Alou** claims the success of current and former players mitigated his team's disappointing season. "If you can't make it to the World Series, you have to find satisfaction elsewhere," Alou says. "For me, that means seeing Larry Walker being chosen as the league's most valuable player, and Pedro Martinez winning the Cy Young."

Writer and scrapper

Whether as an author or activist, **Charlotte Vale Allen** has been willing to take risks. "I'm always getting myself into trouble," says the writer of 35 diverse books, many of them international best-sellers. In 1980, Allen released her groundbreaking memoir, *Daddy's Girl*, which dealt with paternal incest. Because she never forgot her own abuse, for the past two years, Allen has loudly opposed the recovered memory movement, disputing the idea that people have repressed memories of incest. "If I asked you, 'What was the worst thing that ever happened to you?' you'd know the answer," rails Allen. Now, the 56-year-old author, who divides her time between Toronto and Norwalk, Conn., has taken on another, totally different challenge—the publishing business. "I was tired of dealing with idiots," she says of her decision to start her own publishing company, Island Nation Press. The firm's first two books are Allen's own whodunit, *Mood Indigo*, and *Life on Venus Ave*, by City TV personality **Ziggy Lorenc**. It's a risky move. Allen financed the start-up with her pension savings. "I may end up selling pencils on the corner," she says, "but I'll never be sorry I did it."



PAUL'S BOUTIQUE

Lopez, Keelaghan: 'a very organic, natural thing'

Celtic meets *caliente*

They are the odd couple of Canadian pop: a Celtic singer, **James Keelaghan**, and a Latin guitarist, **Oscar Lopez**, making what they call "Celtino" music. On paper, it shouldn't work. But the Compadres' first CD, also called *Compadres*, is a happy hybrid: stirring folk ballads, passionate Spanish guitar instrumentals and a unique blend of the two. It has clearly piqued Canadian tastes: the album has sold more than 10,000 copies since its release in July, and the Compadres are selling out concert halls on their current, 14-city, cross-Canada tour. Toronto-based Keelaghan, 39, and Calgary-based Lopez, 44, were solo artists when they met in 1992 on the folk festival circuit. After accompanying each other numerous times, they recognized the potential of melding their musical styles. "It was like, duh, why don't we just put them together?" says Keelaghan, a 1994 Juno Award winner for best roots and traditional recording. "It's unbelievable how well it works." Lopez, a guitar virtuoso who emigrated from Chile 18 years ago, adds, "It's actually a very organic, natural thing."

Assessing Black's Toronto plan

ESSAY
BY JENNIFER WELLS

A new national daily would be a tough sell

Memo to Conrad Black
Chairman
Southam Inc.

Dear Mr Black

Apologies for this trite journalistic trickery, but we feel the urge to open a direct line of communication, or direct report, as you would say in your business We have concerns about certain rumblings within the Southam empire, and we thought we should share these with you Our particular area of interest is this not-yet-born but much-heralded national newspaper, the one Southam types started working up when you were spurned in your attempts to buy *The Financial Post* (More on this later)

We talked to your man Gord Fisher, the vice-president of editorial at Southam, whose baby this is (Because the baby has no name, we have christened it "NatBlack" to ease communications here) Fisher described NatBlack as a paper of quality, a sharp-thinking, full-color broadsheet in its current configuration, though he made clear that just about any variable could change "The concept is that this will be a stand-alone national newspaper for sale in most major cities," says Fisher NatBlack would be a national newspaper in its "truest sense," he said, meaning that it would draw reporting and commentary from across the land and most decidedly would not be "a Toronto newspaper that we are going to foist on the rest of the country." (To what could he be referring?)

The Toronto edition of NatBlack would be printed at Southam's Hamilton presses, where, even as we speak, they are expressing the need for new equipment to handle increased demand for color The Southam infrastructure—printing plants, phone rooms, circulation and financial systems—are, of course, all in place to advance NatBlack across the nation So far, so good

We talked to Jackie Young, the consultant who has submitted a series of NatBlack design ideas Young is understandably enthusiastic about the project, which he described as an "editor's idea of a newspaper" as opposed to a "marketer's idea of a newspaper," a la *USA Today*, which Young wonderfully calls "TV in a box." Ditto Lucie Lacava, the Montreal designer who has done her own series of NatBlack prototypes in her sophisticated, content-driven style "We're creating a completely new paper," she says "A paper that has no history"

Let us declare a bias right here The idea of a brainy, all-new, smartly styled national newspaper holds tremendous romantic appeal in this newsroom as it does in others across the nation. (Fisher says he has been swamped by job applications.) And we love a good fight, so our ears pricked up when Young declared that *The Globe and Mail* can be "taken," and that it had missed the boat on modern newspaper design and color usage (The color Krieghoff Christmas card the *Globe* ran on its front page a couple of years back, says Young, hardly fulfilled the paper's stated ambition to introduce editorial color)

Fisticuffs are fun, but we would be remiss if we didn't ask one small question *just what is the business case for this?* We understand from Fisher that he will be making his NatBlack biz pitch to yourself and your alter ego, David Radler, soon So we thought we would weigh in first, unbidden

Let's talk circulation The biggest target market, despite your nationalist intentions, is Toronto and environs, and there are already four dailies in that market. The *Star*, the *Globe*, the *Sun* and the *Post* each has a niche, more or less, and it's tough to imagine where a new paper would fit in Fisher says he wants highly educated, high-income, demanding readers—in other words, readers who are already reading Which makes it a conversion exercise. (Remember, we are all already "time stressed") And readers' habits, as you know, change slowly

Southam already has the big papers in 17 major cities across the land (You have two in Vancouver, for Pete's sake) The daily newspaper advertising pie, coast to coast, is approximately $2 billion ($1 96 billion to be precise, just in case Mr Radler is reading this.) Approximately $450 million of that is national advertising The rest is the kind of local advertising upon which the Southam chain currently relies.

We phoned Ann Boden, whose McKim Media Group buys more than $360 million in advertising annually (McKim represents the likes of Chrysler Canada and Bell, and telecommunications and car companies are among the biggest advertisers.) Boden thinks a new Southam paper would just "eat the lunch" of the chain's own dailies As you would expect, Fisher disagrees The challenge lies in eroding the ad base of the *Globe* and the *Post* "We think we can do that. And there are also opportunities in taking share from media other than print," meaning direct marketing, magazines and television

Nuts to that, says Boden "He's not making the decisions," she says "It's people in my shoes who are making the decisions."

She does not buy for a minute the belief that television, which still has the fastest-growing ad base, could lose ground to newspapers We would suggest that Boden and Fisher get together to hash this out, but they already have Fisher and his crew made a presentation to Boden's group "We told them very frankly, 'Guys, this is a tough sell for ya,'" says Boden.

Now, before you go off half-cocked making accusations of reporters being a little light on the reporting end, we phoned David Harrison, chief executive of Harrison, Young, Pesonen & Newell Inc., who handles media buying for the likes of Unilever and Honda. "If you were just looking at the numbers, it would be hard to see that there's room for another national newspaper," he says. A Bay Street media analyst who wants to remain anonymous (don't you just hate that?) had this to say "Where's the hole? I don't see a market for it. I don't know where the need for it is. Who's going to use it?"

Harrison offers there might be a case to be made for running NatBlack as an insert in your paper chain, and as a stand-alone in Toronto ("This is not something you stuff in with the grocery flyers," Fisher snorts) Boden says the only way to make it attractive to advertisers would be to offer a "package deal" of Southam papers with NatBlack thrown in as a bonus, so to speak. "He's going to have to give us an incredible deal on it," she says in that lovely Scottish lilt of hers

You must be cautious Forty-two per cent of Southam remains in the public's hands, despite your efforts last June to gobble those minority shares and privatize the grand old chain And taking a paper of size from start-up to profitability is going to be an awfully long haul. The Financial Post Co., after eating its way through $100 million in the eight years since it moved from a weekly to a daily, finally saw $2 million in cash flow in 1996 And the *Post* had a strong and loyal readership going in It took Gannett Co., which launched *USA Today* in 1982, nearly five years to turn a monthly profit, and 11 to record an annual profit. That gamble, at times, stressed mighty Gannett severely Southam shareholders have been pleased thus far with your stewardship, $27 a share being more than double where the share price was two years ago It has been rather a long walk in the desert for these folks. Might a spending binge turn them off?

What's it all about, Conrad? We now hear you remain optimistic about getting *The Financial Post* after all Sun Media Corp still insists that is not going to happen. "Sun Media loves *The Financial Post*," chief executive officer Paul Godfrey said last week just after shifting *Post* publisher Doug Knight over to *The Toronto Sun*. Knight's move fuelled speculation that Sun Media was preparing to let the *Post* go. Godfrey says absolutely not. "If there was any thought of jettisoning the *Post* for any reason, we would not have put Bill Neill in there [as publisher]." Neill is a *Post* veteran, an ad man much respected by Boden She thinks he is going to "get out there and hustle" to fortify the paper's ad base

Three days before your hopes of getting those minority Southam shares died, you exercised your right to have Sun Media buy up three-quarters of your 20-per-cent interest in Financial Post Co Why? To pressure the debt-laden Sun group into selling you the *Post*? Now it looks as though Sun Media, or a third party, will take it up, and you will be in retreat. Waiting, perhaps, for the day when that corporation becomes so financially stressed that it surrenders the *Post* That sounds like you NatBlack does not.

An Interested Observer



Black: Southam already owns the big papers in 17 major cities

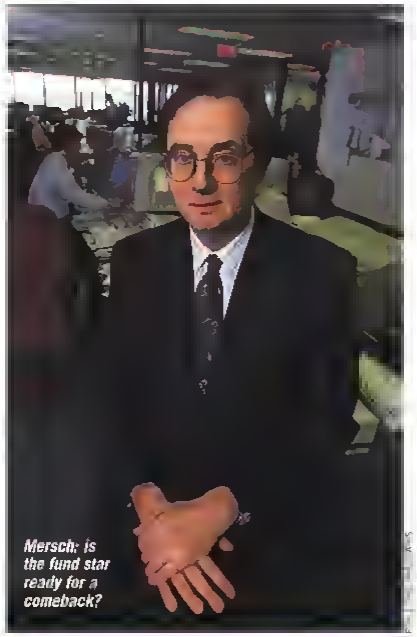
Time to rebuild

A rich new offer brings peace to Altamira

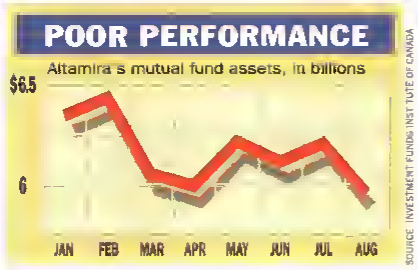
"I've been rich and I've been poor," red-hot singer Sophie Tucker once said. "Rich is better." Three years ago, her sentiment was adopted by Altamira Management Ltd. as part of a lavish mutual fund advertising campaign. Today, Tucker's comments seem almost prescient in relation to recent events at Altamira. The guys running the show there have become $181 million richer after the resolution of a nasty takeover battle between Manufacturers Life Insurance Co. Ltd. and TA Associates Inc. that caused internecine feuding among Altamira principals and profoundly impoverished the mutual fund company's public image.

The fighting, says investment industry consultant Dan Richards, has been a public relations disaster. But as TA Associates' managing director P. Andrews McLane notes, the public sniping is now history. "All that changed with the change in ownership." The change occurred when TA Associates, a Boston-based private equity company that invests in financial companies, took a one-third stake in Altamira, paying $784 million—including the $181 million to Altamira executives. The question now is whether TA can help Altamira repair the damage and get on with business.

The past year has been remarkably tough for Altamira. The company's maverick fund manager, Frank Mersch, came under scrutiny when it was discovered that he had helped a friend buy shares in Diamond Field Resources, at that time a speculative penny stock, through his own personal account. When Diamond Fields shares went through the roof, critics raised questions about the fund company's ethical practices. The controversy prompted Altamira to enact strict rules on personal investments. Then, when other fund managers were buying bank shares and watching their assets grow, Mersch didn't seem to be paying attention. He was sticking to junior resource stocks. The result? Altamira Equity Fund returned 17 per cent last year, well below its major rivals and lower than the 28.3-per-cent return on the Toronto Stock Exchange 300 composite index. The company is now Canada's 17th-largest fund company, down from number 10 last year.



Mersch: is the fund star ready for a comeback?



But the real problems started last October when Manulife CEO Dominic D'Alessandro decided his company should take control of Altamira, boosting the 30.5-per-cent stake it already owned in the company. D'Alessandro got the written support of Mersch and other Altamira fund managers. But that did not sit well with Ron Meade, Altamira's founder and chairman. He felt the deal had been done behind his back and contravened shareholders' agreements. Meade and Almiria Capital Corp. of Montreal, which also owned 30.5 per cent of Altamira, went to court to overturn the Manulife bid. (A few months earlier, the Toronto-Dominion Bank had also bid for Altamira, but that offer was withdrawn.)

All the while, TA Associates had been watching from the sidelines. Then last November, it stepped into the fray, offering $38 a share. (McLane insists that Almiria did not bring TA Associates in as a white knight. "We were looking for a private mutual fund company. Altamira was one that stood out. We were talking to them before the TD Bank offer, before the litigation.") So Manulife, which was only bidding $32 a share, found itself up against a new contender. And, as D'Alessandro now says, "everything that could go wrong did go wrong."

The deal announced last week, which will give Manulife $255 million for its Altamira shares, puts an end to the contretemps over the ownership. "It's been a family that's been a little dysfunctional for the past year," says McLane. "Now, you have one of the partners that was at war [Manulife] out of the picture."

McLane admits the squabbling over Altamira has "slowed the company's growth, that's for sure. But the external view is a little exaggerated. Altamira remains a solid company." He notes that in the mutual fund business, "returns are always going to be variable." And TA Associates has confidence in Frank Mersch. "Frank is one of the best and brightest portfolio managers in the country," McLane says. "He is an athlete in a slump. But he is going to have a comeback." The proof, says McLane, is already there. Altamira Equity Fund posted a 10.3-per-cent return for the third quarter of this year, ahead of many of the other big funds.

Meanwhile, D'Alessandro says his company will leave $3.5 billion worth of assets under Altamira management, "depending on the fund performance and level of returns." He admits he is disappointed that Manulife's bid for Altamira did not work out. "A situation that held so much promise for us has not been realized," he says, "but we're happy to put this issue behind us." So happy that a party is planned at Manulife headquarters on Toronto's Bloor Street. There might not be champagne, D'Alessandro says, but "there will be a few toasts." Sophie Tucker would approve.

JENNIFER HUNTER



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Toronto neighborhood: robust growth

BUSINESS

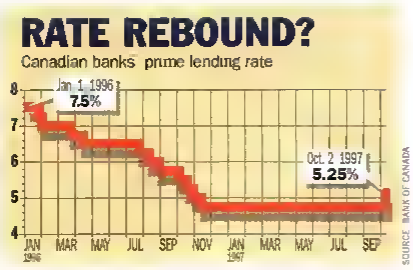
The Bank weighs in

Interest costs are rising to keep inflation at bay

Montreal homeowner Pierre Fortin made a calculated bet on his mortgage last summer. It was time to renew the loan on his sprawling 1951 bungalow in St-Lambert, a leafy neighborhood across the St. Lawrence River from downtown Montreal. Mortgage rates were at a 40-year low, yet the Bank of Canada had just announced a quarter-point hike in its trendsetting bank rate, to 3.5 per cent—the rate it charges banks for overnight loans. Was it a signal that mortgage rates were about to begin spiraling upward? Fortin, as it happens, is no ordinary consumer. An outspoken economist at Université du Quebec a Montreal and a keen observer of monetary policy, he bet that interest rates were going to rise, but not by much—so he opted for a one-year term at 4.7 per cent.

So far, the world has been unfolding as Fortin expected. After months of thinly veiled hints, the Bank of Canada last week raised the bank rate to 3.75 per cent. With Canada's economy racing ahead at full throttle, Bank of Canada governor Gordon Thiessen stepped lightly on the brakes by making loans for homes, cars and businesses a bit more expensive. His mission: to head off a possible resurgence of inflation long before the first signs of a comeback.

Hours after the announcement, Canada's chartered banks raised the prime lending rate for their best corporate customers by half a percentage point, to 5.25 per cent. Consumers were hit with a half-point increase in car loans, lines of credit and variable mortgages, all of which are tied to the prime rate. Even Thiessen was surprised at the extent of the banks' hike in lending rates, which was double the increase decreed by the central bank. "We're merely catching up with what we didn't do in June," said Royal Bank economist Lise Bastarache, noting that the banks kept their prime rates steady this summer after the Bank of Canada raised interest rates for the first time in two years. Bryan Griffiths, a Royal Bank senior vice-president, explained the increase another way: because so many Canadians are putting cash into mutual funds instead of savings accounts and GICs, the banks are having to pay higher rates to attract the money they need to lend to borrowers.



Last week's increases did not, however, affect longer-term, fixed mortgages. Rates on terms of three or more years actually inched down in late September and fell again last week by between a tenth and a quarter of a percentage point. The new five-year rate is 6.7 per cent, its lowest level in three decades.

Why are mortgage rates dropping when the Bank of Canada is trying to make borrowing more costly? The reason is that banks finance their mortgage loans on the bond market, where rates rise or fall depending on currency fluctuations and whether investors judge inflation to be a threat. Right now, conditions could hardly be better. Most foreign investors believe the value of the Canadian dollar is likely to rise over the coming year; as a result, they are willing to accept lower rates in return for holding Canadian currency. At the same time, the inflation rate stands at 1.8 per cent and has showed no signs of rising despite robust economic growth and increasing job creation. Why? "It's the $64,000 question," says Bastarache. One possible reason is that technology is making workers more productive, reducing the cost of goods and services. Another theory is that competition from cheap foreign imports has made it harder for companies to raise prices. "We have to rethink our theories about the relationship between unemployment and inflation," said Bastarache.

That, at least, is the view adopted by U.S. Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan. Over the past year, Greenspan has resisted pressure to hike U.S. interest rates, which are now two percentage points higher than in Canada. Greenspan wants to see concrete evidence of inflation before he acts, while Thiessen appears to be taking no chances.

A few analysts expressed concern last week that Thiessen's move might damage the recovery in consumer spending. But most economists are not worried—not even Fortin, who in the past has accused the Bank of Canada of discouraging job creation by keeping rates too high.

Still, Fortin is happy that he decided to lock in his mortgage for a year. By the time it comes up for renewal next summer he expects rates to be higher, but only by a percentage point or so—if only because Thiessen and his colleagues will not want to antagonize Canadians while unemployment remains high. Says Fortin: "Their behavior is just as easy to predict as your kid's behavior when he sees chocolate or spinach."

SARAH SCOTT



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Deirdre McMurdy



The Bottom Line

Tools of the trade

Entrepreneurs have become the action heroes of Canada's post-recession economy. While big business gets the blame for eliminating jobs, small business is glorified as a bastion of sturdy individuals who defy the odds to create new jobs and opportunities.

In the anti-corporate environment, if Leonard Lee did not exist, someone would have invented him. Twenty years ago, Lee was a frustrated civil servant. While finishing an addition to his home, he had trouble finding all the tools he needed. He then had the idea of creating a catalogue that would stock all necessary tools for a woodworker. Then 39, he decided to leave the security of a federal government job and start his own company. "Men become strange in their late 30s," Lee says. "They start asking if that's all there is."

> 'Men become strange in their late 30s,' Lee says. 'They start asking if that's all there is.'

The answer to that question, in Lee's case, was a resounding no. With a small amount of family backing and three mortgages on their home, he and his wife founded Ottawa-based Lee Valley Tools. What started as a small mail-order business for woodworkers has since grown into an international enterprise with six retail stores across Canada, 325 full-time employees and $40 million in sales in 1996.

Soon after the first Lee Valley catalogue appeared in 1978, the Lees opened a small showroom so that customers could see and handle the tools. Lee says his company has been able to compete with big, national hardware chains and department stores because of its narrow focus and emphasis on service. Unlike many retailers, Lee Valley hires full-time staff with full benefits. After two years of employment, he cuts them in for a 25-per-cent share of pre-tax profits. According to Lee, customers get expert advice with no pressure to buy. And he gets a reliable, committed staff.

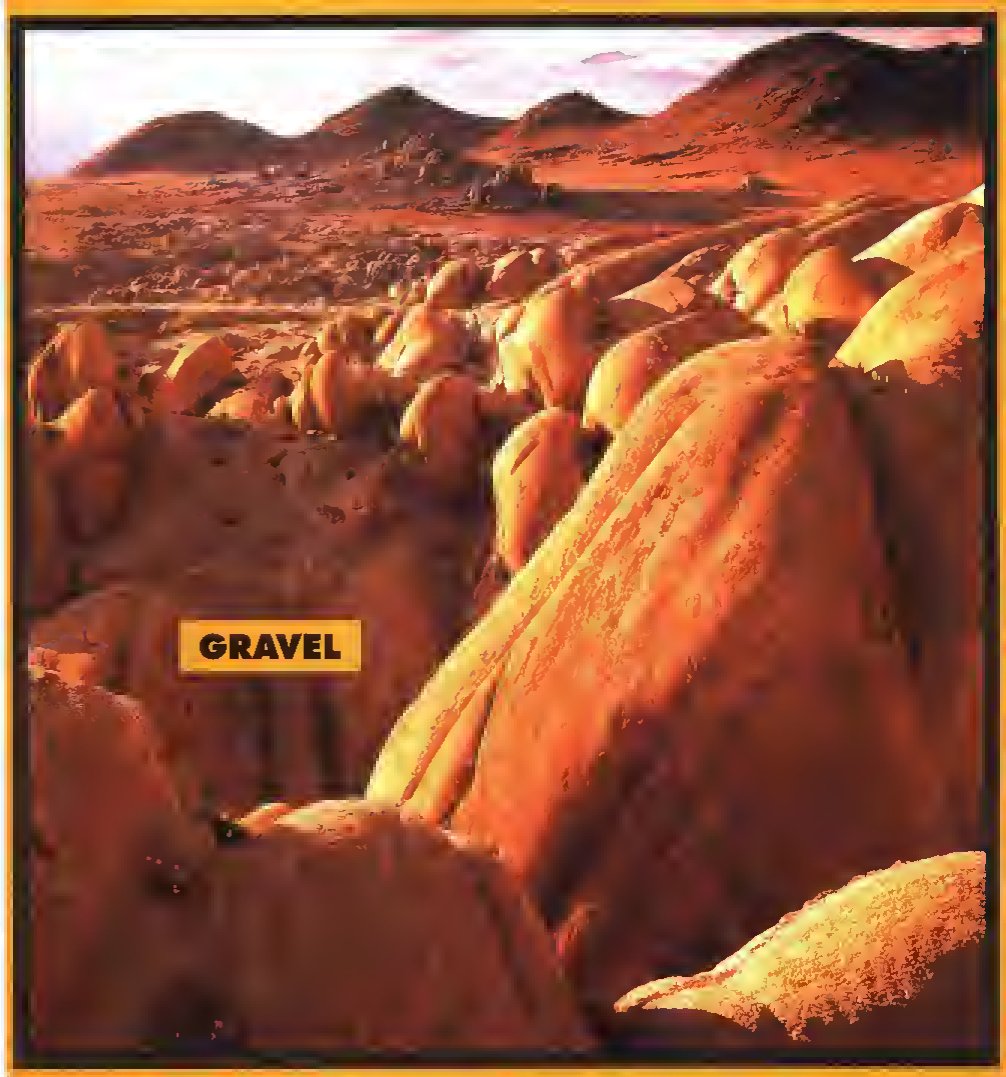
Over the years, Lee Valley has expanded its product line to include gardening and other household implements. But tools remain the primary focus. Since 1980, Lee Valley has had a research and development department with a budget of about 15 per cent of Lee Valley's pre-tax earnings. Under the "Veritas" label, Lee Valley now designs and produces about 30 per cent of the tools it sells. Lee says he's especially proud of his sharpening equipment—a subject about which he has even written a book.

Lee also writes most of the copy for the 17 different catalogues Lee Valley publishes every year. The company ships four million catalogues to customers, most of whom are in North America. "I love the writing," says Lee. "It's not that I can't delegate. The trick is to keep doing the stuff you like."

Lee admits that he has had to scramble to keep up with the company's growth, especially the rapidly expanding staff. Still, he learns by his hits and misses, rather than subscribing to a more formal management theory. "Basically, management is common sense," he insists. "Treat people properly and the rest will fall into place."

While the company has grown steadily over the past 20 years—sales increased 28 per cent last year—Lee admits that an injection of outside capital would make it easier to expand. But despite some offers of outside financing, he is strongly opposed to taking Lee Valley public. Outside shareholders, he says, exert too much short-term performance pressure on companies. "They're only interested in quarterly results and they'll strip the company to get them." Ceding control would limit Lee's scope for dabbling with research and development.

For the foreseeable future, Lee Valley will remain in the hands of the family (Lee's son Robin has worked for the company for 12 years and is now its purchasing manager). The future will also include a greater focus on exports. About 30 per cent of Lee Valley's sales are in the United States, and that is targeted to reach 50 per cent in 1998. After all these years spent building a business with his own hands, Leonard Lee is not about to become anyone's corporate tool.





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Business NOTES

TAX RULE POSTPONED

Ottawa has delayed until 1999 a controversial rule requiring citizens to disclose foreign assets over $100,000. Revenue Minister Herb Dhaliwal has also asked Auditor General Denis Desautels to assess whether the rule is the best way to ensure Canadians pay tax on worldwide income. Opposition to the rule has been led by wealthy Asian immigrants in Vancouver.

BMO IN BEIJING

The Bank of Montreal held its first board meeting outside North America, in Beijing's Great Hall of the People. The session, attended by former prime minister Pierre Trudeau, marked the opening of the bank's first full-service commercial branch in China. Chairman Matthew Barrett called China's moves towards economic reform "one of the great events of our time."

MEXICAN WARNING

Ottawa's trade relations with Mexico will suffer if Canadian firms continue to lose out on key contracts, Industry Minister John Manley says. He was referring to the Mexican government's recent decision to reopen a $450-million transit contract sought by Bombardier Inc. of Montreal. The move prompted allegations of corruption and nepotism in the Mexican media.

BUSINESS LEADERS CHIDED

Canadian business must do more to address youth unemployment and poverty, Noranda Inc. president Courtney Pratt says. Pratt said he plans to host a forum early next year to discuss the role of business in an era of shrinking governments.

SCOTIABANK GOES GOLD

The Bank of Nova Scotia is taking over the gold bullion and metals market division of Britain's Standard Chartered Bank. The acquisition of Mocatta Bullion and Base Metals will make Scotiabank one of only five companies that help fix the world gold price on the London Metals Exchange.

A CAPITAL IDEA

Peter Munk's TrizecHahn Corp. is buying 21 office buildings in or near Washington. The $675-million deal, which includes the Watergate hotel and office complex, will make Toronto-based TrizecHahn the second-largest landlord in the Washington area.

An audacious takeover play

Back in the 1970s, Edmonton-born Bernard Ebbers won a basketball scholarship to Mississippi College. He may not have made it to the pros, but today he is on the verge of one of the biggest slam dunks in North American business, turning his Jackson, Miss.-based WorldCom Inc. into the world's second-largest telecommunications firm.


JEFF CHIU-STENGER/REUTERS

Ebbers: his $42-billion offer rocked the industry

In 1983, Ebbers, already a successful hotelier, began buying up small U.S. long-distance carriers. Since then, WorldCom has emerged as North America's fastest-growing phone and Internet company. Last week, Ebbers offered $42 billion for MCI Communications Corp. of New York City. If he succeeds, WorldCom will be a major player in the long-distance market and will control more than 60 per cent of all U.S. traffic on the Internet.

WorldCom's bid puts it at odds with British Telecom PLC, which owns 20 per cent of MCI and is on the verge of completing a $33-billion takeover after winning U.S. regulatory approval. But Ebbers's offer cannot be counted out. He pays for his takeovers in WorldCom stock, and so far investors have been richly rewarded: a dollar invested in WorldCom in 1989 would be worth $238 today. Investors, hoping for Ebbers to score again, might just go along with his latest manoeuvre.

Cineplex at the altar

After months of speculation, Toronto-based Cineplex Odeon Corp. has raised the curtain on its planned merger with Sony Corp.'s Loews Theatres chain, a deal that would create the world's largest movie exhibition company. Sony will own 49.9 per cent of the new company while Universal Studios, controlled by Montreal's Bronfman family, will have 26.7 per cent. The Charles Bronfman family trust and Cineplex Odeon shareholders will own the rest.

But the deal may yet hit an obstacle. If Ottawa decides that the merger would be detrimental to the Canadian film industry, it could force Cineplex to sell off its domestic distribution arm. Arts groups are urging the government to block the deal unless Cineplex agrees to show more domestic films. "We're interested in getting Canadian films seen by more Canadians," Heritage Minister Sheila Copps said. "We'll see what's in the offer."

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

Canada's economy grew by 0.8 per cent in July, with strong gains in mining, manufacturing and retail trade. Recent growth in residential and non-residential building permits, as well as a 19-per-cent jump in vehicle sales in September compared with the same month in 1996, point to a continuing boom in consumer spending.

In the United States, by contrast, there are signs of economic cooling. That is good news for Canada because it reduces some of the pressure for higher interest rates. Investors celebrated by pushing the Toronto Stock Exchange 300 Index to its fourth record close in five days.

"Consumer spending is tapering off in the United States after a summer spurt, housing activity is losing momentum and manufacturing production, while solid, failed to accelerate last month."
—Canada Trust

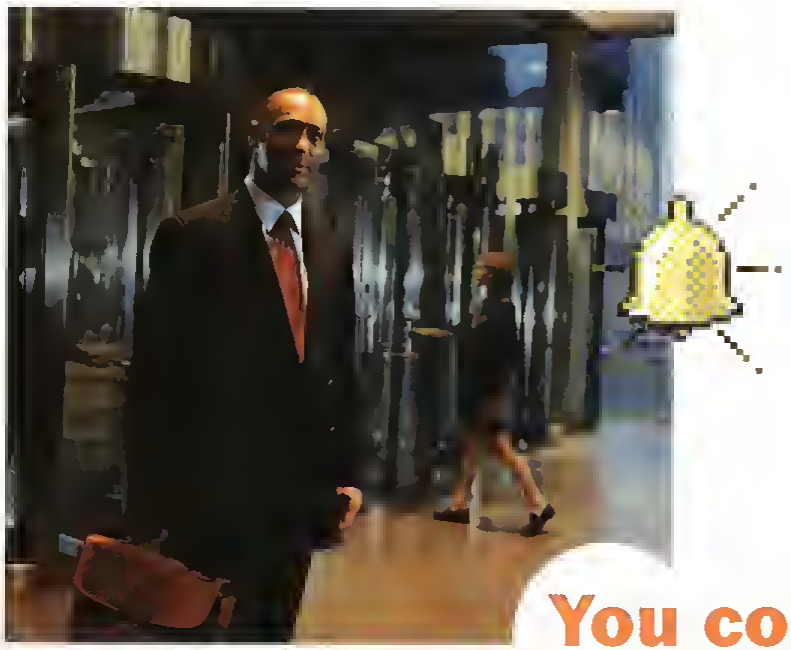
"The Canadian economy is again outperforming the rest of the G-7, and will continue to do so despite the tightening in monetary policy."
—Nesbitt Burns

"With big job gains beginning to lift their incomes, consumers are not ready to put away their pocketbooks just yet."
—Scotiabank

AUTO SALES



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Higher yields, but at a price

Vancouver lawyer Meelie Dong is always on the lookout for a good investment. She did not have to go far for her latest inspiration. Her father is 93 and still living in his own home—and that got Dong wondering how thousands of her fellow baby boomers will house themselves in their old age. Her financial adviser offered a possible answer. Barry Reichmann, the eldest son of Olympia & York founder Paul Reichmann, is currently buying up retirement homes across Canada and folding them into his CPL Long Term Care Real Estate Investment Trust. Dong's adviser predicted that CPL (for Central Park Lodge) will grow dramatically as it houses an increasing number of retired Canadians. So far, he has been right. CPL investment units have more than doubled in value this year to $13.50, and have an annual yield of eight per cent. "It has been a great investment," says Dong. "I just wish I had bought more."



Pembina pipeline facility: companies are cashing in on the demand

Over the past four years, thousands of so-called GIC refugees, fed up with low interest rates on bank deposits and guaranteed investment certificates, have stampeded into investment trusts, which are less risky than stocks but offer higher yields than fixed-income products. So far this year, 33 trusts have come to market, worth a combined $4.7 billion. Eager to cash in, Canadian companies have spun off trusts consisting of real estate holdings, oilfields, sugar refineries and coal mines. Units in individual trusts trade on the stock market like shares, but unlike equities, many also pay a fixed monthly income. The investments also offer another possible advantage: unit holders share in any tax breaks, such as write-downs on equipment, for which the trust is eligible. "There is a feeding frenzy going on," says Alan Berge, an investment adviser at C. M. Oliver & Co., a Vancouver-based brokerage. "The public is disappointed with four per cent GIC rates, but investors will bite if they can get 8.75 per cent and be relatively safe."

Eric Lerner, president of Pension Real Estate Advisors Inc. in Toronto, says companies are launching investment trusts in part to raise money for expansion—and in some cases even underwrite the cost of an acquisition. In July Onex Corp. of Toronto and Vancouver-based Balaclava Enterprises Ltd., controlled by the city's Belkin family, completed a $407-million takeover of B.C. Sugar Refinery Inc. Last month, the purchasers said they intend to raise $427 million by placing B.C. Sugar's western operations in a trust to be known as the Roger's Sugar Income Fund. The fund will sell debenture units yielding about 9.5 per cent annually.

The popularity of investment trusts has allowed companies to unload assets at prices far higher than they once would have fetched. On June 18, Calgary's Mannix family announced that it intended to sell Pembina Corp., which operates pipelines and oil and gas fields, and Manalta Coal Ltd., the country's largest coal producer. But instead of selling to another company or individual, the Mannix family rolled those operations into the Pembina and Manalta Income Trusts. Demand for the initial issue—which sold for $10 a unit with a yearly dividend of 87 cents—was three times greater than the supply. So far, the family has raised $2.2 billion, $500 million more than analysts predicted the Mannixes would have received had they sold to another company.



Unfortunately for investors, income trusts are more difficult to assess than stocks or bonds. Berge says buyers have to consider the management strength behind the trust and the underlying value of the assets. In Manalta's case, the coal is a finite asset; unless the company finds new reserves, the trust will eventually be worthless. In some other cases, the trust is underpinned by the price of a specific commodity. The price Roger's Sugar receives for its product, for example, could go down in periods of oversupply, reducing both the price of the unit and the income it generates. Says Lerner: "Interest on a GIC will come through year after year, but in trusts, the underlying cash flow is not as secure."

Tax considerations also complicate the purchase of a trust unit. In most cases, taxes on the initial investment are deferred until the units are sold. The tax bill on income generated by those units, however, can vary from year to year and from trust to trust, depending on expenses and write-downs. Dong, for example, will have to pay tax on only 10 per cent of the income she received in 1997 from her CPL Real Estate Investment Trust units. "Knowing the tax differences between the various units is very important," says Berge. "Eventually, you will have to pay Ottawa for the money you receive." Even so, with interest rates expected to remain low for the foreseeable future, analysts do not expect the sector to cool off anytime soon.

TOM FENNELL





Peter C. Newman

When charity means building monuments

The launch last week of the University of Toronto's monumental $400-million fund-raising campaign has put into sharp focus Canada's latest and most significant growth industry: giving money away to worthy causes.

Across the country, the rich and the simply wealthy are donating millions of dollars to shore up the universities, hospitals, opera companies, ballet troupes, and other cultural and scientific institutions worn thin by the retreat of public-sector financial support. In part, these donors are perpetuating their own memories, spending $5 million, $10 million and even $20 million to place their names on buildings that will house university departments, health-giving functions of hospitals and new theatres. Part of such generosity flows from the realization by many founders of would-be family dynasties that succeeding generations don't always succeed. In fact, it seems that most of the second- or, at the latest, third-generation inheritors can be counted on to commit financial suicide. The main function of any establishment is to perpetuate itself. If this can't be done through bloodlines, it can be done through monuments.

> Some donors are spending $5 million, $10 million and even $20 million to place their names on buildings and theatres

The new rush to philanthropy is burgeoning at every level of the Canadian business community. The direct line of ascent from mere success to acceptance within the new Canadian Establishment doesn't only require significant achievements in business. It has everything to do with being seen giving one's money away for good works. Even some of the youngest executives are rewarding themselves, after having made it big time, not by trading in their green Hummer for a black turbo model, but by demonstrating their generosity.

Occasionally, this is done very tastefully and usefully. Scott Paterson, for example, the 33-year-old president of Yorkton Securities, has quietly set up a private foundation that gives away free computers to underprivileged Toronto kids. His main reward is the letters he gets from their parents.

The hundred names featured in the ads that accompanied the launch of the University of Toronto's $400-million campaign (of which at least $300 million has already been pledged) pretty well includes the core of Central Canada's philanthropic brigade. Not quite. Toronto's York University has launched a more modest drive for $100 million, led by Arden Haynes (Imperial Oil), Alfred Powis (Noranda), Margot Franssen (Body Shop) and Tim Price (Hees International). Heroes of the U of T campaign, sparked by president Rob Prichard, include Trizec-Hahn's Peter Munk, who recently donated $5 million for a new Cardiac Centre in Toronto and who is in the process of negotiating a multimillion-dollar donation to the university. And just last week, Edna Davenport, a 90-year-old Florida widow and former U of T household sciences student who met her husband at the university, gave the school $9.7 million.

Other major givers are merchant banker Joe Rotman (who has given more than $15 million to the university's faculty of management), insurance magnate Hal Jackman, Murray Koffler of Shoppers Drug Mart, steel fabricator Joey—and his wife, Toby—Tanenbaum (who now spend nearly their entire time giving away the family fortune), real estate developers Helen and George Vari, as well as Trimark's Arthur—and his wife, Sonia—Labatt, who have just donated $5 million to Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. Over at York, Franco-Nevada Mining Corp.'s Seymour Schulich has donated $15 million to establish the university's new management school, the Schulich School of Business.

While Toronto philanthropists lead the way, giving has become a way of life right across the country. In Vancouver, former University of British Columbia president David Strangway and his vice-president, external affairs, Peter Ufford, raised $262 million in a five-year campaign, including an astounding $33.5 million from Vancouver's Asian community. Among its real estate developers, Tom and Caleb Chan led the way, donating more than $10 million towards the $25-million Chan Centre for the Performing Arts, followed by the Choi family's multimillion-dollar gift to the Institute of Asian Research and David Lam's $1-million donation towards the David Lam Management Research Centre. Other local philanthropists of note include the Southams, Cecil Green, founder of Texas Instruments, and MacMillan Bloedel's MacMillan family.

In Edmonton, the late entrepreneur Francis Winspear was a major giver. In Calgary, it's longtime arts patron Martha Cohen, who spearheaded the city's $85-million Performing Arts Centre, while in Winnipeg it's mainly sisters Kathleen and Muriel Richardson who give away the most funds. The Bronfmans (especially Sam's daughter Phyllis Lambert) and Paul Desmarais lead the Montreal pack, while the independently wealthy David and Margaret Fountain are among Halifax's most generous donors.

Part of the reason for the current rush to donate was Paul Martin's announcement in his last budget that he was cutting capital gains taxes by more than half for gifts of stock in public companies. At the same time, the ceiling for charitable tax credits was raised to 75 per cent from 20 per cent of an individual's total income.

Generosity comes in many forms. The most spectacular gift, of course, was Ted Turner's recent donation of $1.4 billion over 10 years to the United Nations, mainly to fight global warming. It was a grand gesture, but most Canadian philanthropists think their gifts through much more thoroughly than he did. Asked by TV host Larry King why he did it, Turner replied: "Have you been outside recently? It's hot as hell out there."



In a world where you can be anything, we are everything. For your eyes, we can be sight. For your ears, we can be sound. For your mind, we can be ideas. We can be high-speed access or children smiling. We can be all of the world's chaos or one clear picture.

We can be anything because we are a connection to everything.

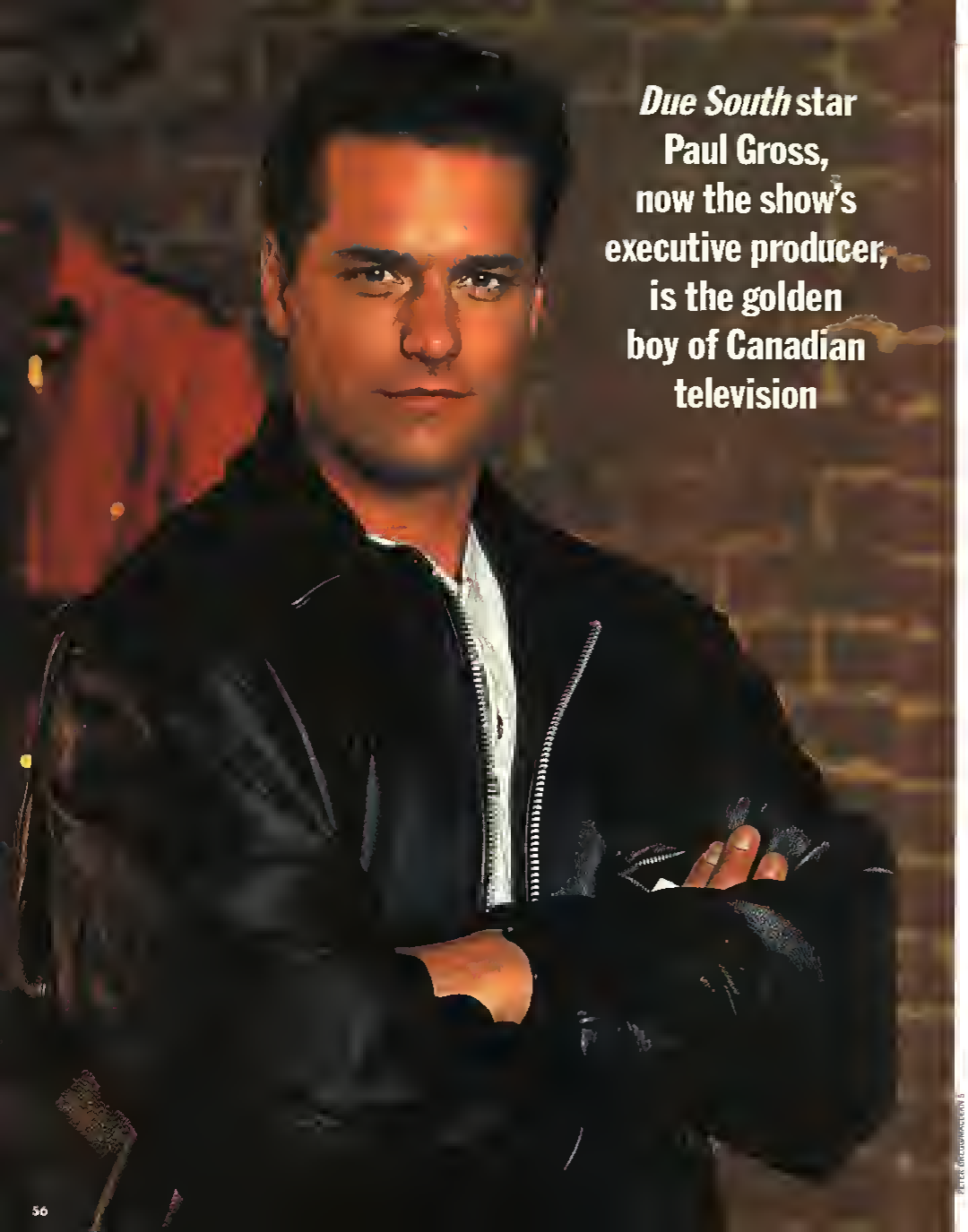
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Due South **star Paul Gross, now the show's executive producer, is the golden boy of Canadian television**

Amazing GROSS

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

"So, have you ever been arrested?"

It seems as good a place as any to begin an interview with Paul Gross, the actor who plays the impeccably polite and upright Mountie in CTV's *Due South*. He sits on a bar stool in the kitchen of his Toronto home smoking Winstons and sipping coffee, a little bleary after a night of too much wine—not the kind of behavior that his alter ego, RCMP Const. Benton Fraser, would get up to. But this morning, Gross is out of uniform and out of character, barefoot in a T-shirt and jeans. Some stubble darkens his chin, a dusting of grit on the smooth, square-jawed features.

"Arrested? Yeah, for drunk driving," he says, fielding the question without a flicker of hesitation. It was the mid-1980s in Stratford, Ont. Gross was playing darts over drinks with an actor friend, Benedict Campbell. "I was worried the car was going to get towed," recalls Gross, "so I put it in this church parking lot. I was trying to park it, but while I was trying, I thought I'd just spin a 180 in the gravel. And then they appeared out of nowhere, all these guys with flashlights—'You're under arrest.' That was a year's suspension. It's very effective legislation."



With Pinsent: on the set, Gross is the self-appointed life of the party

Drunk parking. It is, come to think of it, a Benton Fraser kind of crime. And although Gross likes to make it clear that, in real life, he is no Benton Fraser, there is enough Mountie in him to appreciate the beauty of an effective bit of law enforcement. Gross may lack Fraser's punctilious reserve, but he does elicit the same sort of adjectives: charming, witty, smart, honest, articulate, athletic, generous, dedicated and drop-dead handsome—in other words, like Fraser, he seems infuriatingly perfect.

At 38, Paul Gross is the Renaissance dude of Canadian television. This year, *Due South* enters its third season as the country's most popular homegrown TV drama, averaging 1.5 million viewers per episode on CTV (Sundays at 7 p.m.). And for the first time, Gross is not just the star but the boss as well. He has streamlined the production and cast a new sidekick, the smouldering Callum Keith Rennie, to replace the nonchalant David Marciano (page 62). Now, as actor, executive producer and head writer, Gross earns combined fees estimated at between $2 million and $3 million for the season, making him the highest-paid performer in the history of Canadian television. "I hate to say this because he's got enough going for him already," says Robert Lantos, chairman and CEO of Alliance Communications, the company behind *Due South*. "But he's turned out to be a first-class producer. This show was always problematic. There were budget overruns. It was behind schedule. There was always panic on the set. Since Paul has been running the show, I don't hear anything. It's completely calm and smooth. It's even below budget. It's astonishing."

As if that were not enough, Gross is an award-winning playwright. He composes songs, and sings with remarkable assurance for someone who does not make a living at it—he has just released his first CD, *Two Houses*, a country album recorded with fellow actor David Keeley. He can ride a horse and play guitar. He is an expert skier. His friends report, with palpable envy, that he can party into the night without visible damage, rise at dawn the next day, knock off *The Globe and Mail* crossword puzzle in 10 minutes while being driven to the set, then work for 18 hours without losing his sense of humor or flubbing his lines. And somehow, despite his punishing schedule, he has managed to hold together a nine-year marriage to stage actress Martha Burns, and be a father to their two children, Hannah, 7, and Jack, 3. Dudley Do-Right, eat your heart out.

Gross, an army brat who was born in Calgary and schooled in England, Germany, Canada and Washington, just seems to have a talent for whatever he puts his hand to. "He's not just smart for a good-looking television star," says Toronto writer Paul Quarrington, who has scripted some *Due South* episodes and wrote the 1994 movie *Whale Music*,

Gross is a Renaissance dude: playwright, musician, skilled horseman, expert skier–indefatigable partyer

in which Gross appeared "He's just really, really smart. Plus, he's very honest. He's one of those guys who will say things that people are thinking but wouldn't have the gumption to say out loud. When we were doing *Whale Music*, he managed to get us kicked out of perhaps the sleaziest bar in Vancouver, just by his forthrightness. It had something to do with dissing a local sports franchise. He's a bit of a cowboy, but an intellectual cowboy." Adds Quarrington: "It's not that he misbehaves in any standard way. He doesn't go out womanizing or doing heroin or anything."

In fact, a sense of innate virtue seems a big part of Gross's appeal. Then there is the Hunk Factor, which cuts both ways. "It's something that's dogged me all my life," he sighs. "There's an assumption that if you're pretty you can't be smart." And in a film culture of Atom Egoyans and David Cronenbergs, where the weird is a more valued currency than the heroic, Gross sometimes feels out of place as a classic leading man.



With wife Burns: unfazed by the incessant drone of female adoration

PHILLIP MACCANS

Egoyan, in fact, considered Gross for his movie *The Sweet Hereafter* for the role of the simmering father, Billy Ansell, but hesitated because of his looks. "Paul is a very fine actor, and I was really close to casting him," says Egoyan, who cast Bruce Greenwood instead. "The problem is that he is really good-looking. Paul is very pretty; Bruce looked rougher." Gross, who views his own image with sanguine detachment, is under no illusions. "I'm not going to get to play Ratso Rizzo," he says. "But Canadian film and television does not celebrate beauty. In Canada, you can't be serious if you're also attractive. My face is more organized for the American system somehow."

But Gross has also had his frustrations with Hollywood. He keeps getting asked to play male bimbos in U.S. movies-of-the-week that he considers an insult to his intelligence. He winces at the mention of his one starring role in a Hollywood feature, the cheesy *Aspen Extreme* (1993), in which he was cast as a babe-magnet ski instructor. And he auditioned for a role opposite Jack Nicholson in the upcoming comedy *As Good as It Gets*, only to be told by director Jim Brooks that he was "too fine-featured" for the part.

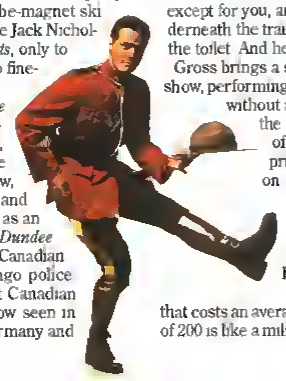
Still, what Gross has accomplished with *Due South* cannot be underestimated. He has created a complex character who is heroic, campy, sensitive and utterly uncynical. That is all the more remarkable considering that the show, concocted in a 1992 meeting between Lantos and then-CBS president Jeff Sagansky, was born as an act of co-production opportunism: a *Crocodile Dundee* comedy-adventure about a Mountie from the Canadian North who ends up working with the Chicago police. Shot in Toronto, *Due South* became the first Canadian series to crack American prime time. It is now seen in some 60 countries. It is a top 10 hit in both Germany and Britain, and has a large following of hard-core fans who swap *Due South* trivia on the Internet. As the Mountie peacekeeper, Gross has turned a rusty Canuck cliche into a subhimely ironic international icon.

Neither a sitcom nor a TV police drama, *Due South* corresponds to no existing TV formula. Swinging unpredictably between farce and drama, it is urban fable with a surreal edge, and can be wildly uneven. "CBS had no idea where to slot it or how to sell it," says Gross. Buoyed by a fiercely loyal fan base, the show weathered a roller coaster ride of network cancellations and renewals. Then, after last season, the U.S. network pulled the plug once and for all, and *Due South* was presumed dead. But Lantos marshalled support from CTV, the BBC and other foreign broadcasters to resurrect it for a third season.

Now, the show's success hinges substantially on Gross. He does the hiring, approves all major decisions, puts the final polish on all scripts, and writes about half a dozen episodes himself. On the set, meanwhile, he commands loyalty. "Paul's very poised," says Gordon Pinsent, who plays the ghost of Fraser's Mountie father. "He's not pushy. And he's very respectful of other actors." Gross is also the self-appointed life of the party. "He is on all the time," says one crew member. "He's constantly kibitzing and doing stand-up routines and pratfalls. He's like a kid—he has to be the centre of attention. But he's very well liked; it's a giant love-in."

And a laugh-in. Gross's quirky sense of humor is all over the show. An episode last season called "All the Queen's Horses," which Gross wrote, featured a flatulent Leslie Nielsen (*Naked Gun*) in a deliriously absurd sequence involving a trainload of singing Mounties from the Musical Ride. Gross says he cast Nielsen over lunch after a chance encounter on the street in Manhattan. "I said, 'OK, the Musical Ride is on a train and they're all gassed by terrorists except for you, and I see you going to the bathroom so I crawl underneath the train and we have a conversation through the hole in the toilet. And he says, 'I'm sold.'"

Gross brings a sense of physical as well as comic bravado to the show, performing a number of his own stunts—he did a fight scene without a safety harness on top of the moving train in "All the Queen's Horses." And he displays a giddy sense of adventure as a writer-producer. This season, his pride and joy is a two-part episode titled "Mountie on the Bounty," which airs next February. Costing $4.2 million, it features a naval battle filmed in the middle of Lake Ontario between a freighter and a squad of Mounties on a three-masted frigate—the very same one used by Marlon Brando in *Mutiny on the Bounty*.



Even on a normal day, commanding a TV series that costs an average of $1.5 million an episode and employs a crew of 200 is like a military operation. In fact, Rennie's nickname for his co-star is "Tank Commander." And Gross's interest in things military runs deep: his dream is to make an epic movie that he has written based on the unsubstantiated story of a Canadian soldier being crucified on a barn door in France during the First World War.



With Rennie on location: Gross runs the production and writes some of the scripts

PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S

Gross, the older of two brothers, grew up with the military. There are snapshots of him as a small child sitting on the barrel of a tank in Germany. His father, Bob Gross, was a career soldier, a colonel with a Canadian tank regiment. (Now retired, he lives in southern Alberta with Paul's mother, Reme, who is now completing a book about dinosaurs and the Badlands. They have a spread with a few horses at the edge of Dinosaur Provincial Park.) During his itinerant childhood, Paul spent three years in Germany. "One of my favorite pastimes," he recalls, "was to sneak into the German army base through this hole in the fence and find old gas masks and spent shells. Or go into the cemetery with a screwdriver and take the iron crosses off the graves. That was fun."

In Paul's early teens, the family moved to Washington, where a drama teacher inspired him to become an actor. "We did huge plays," he recalls, "*Canterbury Tales* and *Faustus*." And at 14, he acted in his first commercial, a public-service ad about shoplifting. Yet another move took Gross to Toronto, where he finished high school at Earl Haig Secondary School. There, faced with a drama program offering such chestnuts as *My Fair Lady*, he looked elsewhere for excitement. "I spent my time downtown playing pinball or pool," he says. "I did the requisite amount of delinquency. I was in this little group and we'd break and enter houses. But I never stole anything. I would look at their record collections and see what kinds of books they had on the shelves."

Meanwhile, Gross continued acting in commercials, paying his way to study drama at the University of Alberta in Edmonton, where he began writing for the stage. His model was the black-humored angst of American playwright Sam Shepard. "That's how I started writing," he says. "I fell in love with Shepard's stuff." Shortly after completing his studies, he saw his first two works produced. Mounted in Edmonton, *The Deer and the Antelope Play*—about a fractured family at a Prairie gas station—won the 1982 Alberta Cultural Playwriting Award. But a review of the play, in an Edmonton paper, is forever seared into his brain. "The headline said, 'Gross is an insult to theatre,'" he recalls. "It took me months to recover."

But the critics loved his second play, *The Dead of Winter*, a gothic drama set on Christmas Eve in a farmhouse in the Alberta Badlands. Featuring actress Jackie Burroughs, it enjoyed a sellout run at the Toronto Free Theatre. Its director, Guy Sprung, says the writing was rich with "big, powerful images, none of this kitchen-sink shit. It had poetry in it, it had ideas, it had huge emotions and colors." Taking Gross under his wing, Sprung went on to direct him in several plays, including an athletic production of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* in Toronto's High Park. Gross was a rock-star Romeo with shoulder-length hair who would swing from tree branches and shinny up vines. "As you could imagine, he had lots of young groupies coming to see him," says Sprung. "After the 'Is it a lark? Is it a nightingale?' scene, he would jump from the wall onto a horse and ride off into the park—with much swooning from the teenage girls."

The new golden boy of Canadian theatre, Gross also served as playwright in residence at the Stratford Festival. There, he wrote his third play, *Sprung Rhythm*, a psychodrama about a megalomaniacal doctor that included a grisly re-enactment of open-heart surgery. The experience left its author dissatisfied. Though it was well received at Ottawa's National Arts Centre in 1984, a revamped Toronto production two years later, retitled *Buchanan*, was less successful. Meanwhile, Gross's fourth play, *Thunder, Perfect Mind*, an overwrought science-fiction musical extravaganza staged at Toronto's planetarium, was "a mess," admits Gross. "It made me realize how difficult it is to get up plays of any size in this country. And the doctor play was so badly reviewed, I just thought, 'I can't take it any more.' There's no money. It takes three years to write one of these things. And you just get beat up."

Gross found an exit in TV and film. And he now holds the unlikely status of having scripted the only two Atom Egoyan films that the director has not written himself, both CBC dramas. *In This Corner*, about an Irish boxer mixed up in terrorism, and *Gross Misconduct*, about the death of hockey player Brian Spencer. He was disappointed with the spin that Egoyan put on his scripts, especially the strangely caricatural *Gross Misconduct*. "It was an odd pairing," concedes Egoyan. "We have really different sensibilities. But I hugely admired him. He really was our Sam Shepard, writing these magic realist, very cool riffs on this mythic Alberta."

With his writing career on hold, Gross concentrated on acting, which proved no less frustrating. He starred as a First World War veteran in the mammoth CBC mini-series *Chasing Rainbows* (1988), and the chaotic 18-month shoot, he recalls, "was like a prison sentence." But it fuelled the actor's fascination with trench warfare, and led to his Dora Award-winning stage role as another First World War soldier in *Observe the Sons of Ulster Marching Toward the Somme* at Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre.

In the early 1990s, Gross starred in two offbeat Canadian movies—as a terrorized salesman in *Cold Comfort*, and as a Martime mayor in *Buried on Sunday*. Then Hollywood came calling with the regrettable *Aspen Extreme*. He tried to turn it down. "I said, 'It's a terrible script, it's stupid.' But Sandy Bresler, who was Jack Nicholson's agent, got on the phone and said, 'What the f— is wrong with you? You came down here, you want to star in studio pictures, it's a studio picture. Jack Nicholson did 27 crappy pictures before *Easy Rider*.'"

But actors today are not allowed so many false starts. And *Aspen Extreme* offers up what is perhaps the most nightmarish metaphor

for Gross's career. He plays an aspiring writer who gets rejected by *Esquire* and ends up as a *Powder* magazine cover boy, a star ski instructor with a drooling clientele of wealthy women. The ski school boss tells him that he has to "have a certain look—part of the job is fulfilling the fantasy." Gross is actually very impressive in *Aspen Extreme*. With his flashing white smile and easy charm, he comes across as a more natural Tom Cruise. But in the cutting room, Disney destroyed whatever integrity, and continuity, the movie had, says Gross. "They gutted it until it corresponded to Disney's original ad campaign: that Aspen is money, tits and skiing."

Aspen Extreme never took off at the box office, and Gross's first shot at Hollywood stardom was squandered. Since then, his U.S. offers have been limited to uninspired TV movies and mini-series—most recently he starred in a CBS remake of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, which he prefers to call *20,000 Scenes Down the Drain*.

But without some setbacks, Gross would not have been available for the *Due South* pilot in the summer of 1993. The show's Canadian creator, Paul Haggis (*thirtysomething*, *Michael Hayes*), remembers their first meeting. "He walked into the room and I knew he was the character. It was his entire demeanor, the combination of an honest face and a bent, perverse sense of humor."

As the deadpan Mountie, Gross came to personify *Due South*. But his American co-star, David Marciano, signed on under the assumption that he was joining a buddy cop show, not playing a sidekick in a Mountie show. This season, says Marciano, Alliance offered to hire him back with a 40-per-cent pay cut, which he took as a none-too-subtle suggestion that he was not wanted. Gross stayed clear of the negotiations, and Marciano—who is making two guest appearances this season—insists he bears no grudge against him, although he now coolly refers to Paul, his former partner as "Mr. Gross."

Alliance also sacked the dog that played Benton Fraser's deaf husky, Diefenbaker. Haggis had given the lucrative dog-handling contract to his father, but the animal was so notoriously slow and unskilled that on the set it had earned the nickname "O.T.," for overtime. The new Diefenbaker is reportedly smarter, faster and cheaper.

Monday morning. After a three-week holiday, the *Due South* crew is back at work. The show's offices and studios are scattered through the brick confines of a bleak factory space in midtown Toronto. Hundreds of blue barrels of toxic waste are stacked beside the parking lot where Gross's Winnebago is parked. The trailer, which has a double bed in the back, serves as a roomy second home. A laptop sits on the desk, containing the script now being shot, which has yet to be finished. Gross takes a couple of mineral waters out of the fridge. "It was hard to sit down with Martha and say Lantos wants to do another year of this," he says, thinking back to the day he broke the news to his wife. "It means pretty much that I'm gone for a year. On occasion, it's been very difficult."

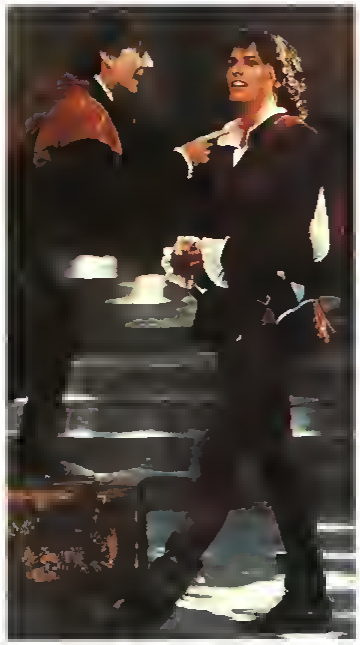
Because Martha Burns is an actor herself—she met Gross in 1983, when she was cast as an Indian princess in *Walsh*, a play in which he starred as a Mountie—she also has to contend with a measure of professional envy. "I'm thrilled for him as long as he's happy," she says. "It's like seeing someone discover another side of himself—that he's good with people and a good manager. But it's been three years of resenting not having him around." Then, laughing, she recalls. "I remember the first year he was doing *Due South*. I saw this big hard-cover novel in his kit bag, and said, 'When do you have the time to read this?' The idea of someone sitting in a trailer reading a newly published hard-cover during the day—that's what you resent." She adds, "This year, I *know* he doesn't have time to read."

Burns stresses, however, that Gross is a good father and a caring husband, and she seems unfazed by the incessant drone of female adoration that surrounds him. But then Gross himself appears to have a healthy perspective on his glamor boy image. His friend Benedict Campbell went on a camping trip with him a few years ago. With them were Campbell's brother Tom and nephew Liam. "We were sitting very late one night," Campbell recalls, "and this '60s Chrysler comes rumbling past, and all these faces peered out of the windows at us. It was eerie. It felt like *Deliverance*. Suddenly, the doors opened, and all these teenagers poured out of it. Paul had been spotted in the store, and these kids had tracked him down—at 1 in the morning. He very graciously signed autographs and had pictures taken with all the girls. Liam, who has dreams of being a baseball star, thought this was just fantastic. And he asked Paul how it felt to have all these people adoring him. Paul just gave this off-the-cuff explanation that it wasn't *him* these people were coming to seek—it was this image they see on television."

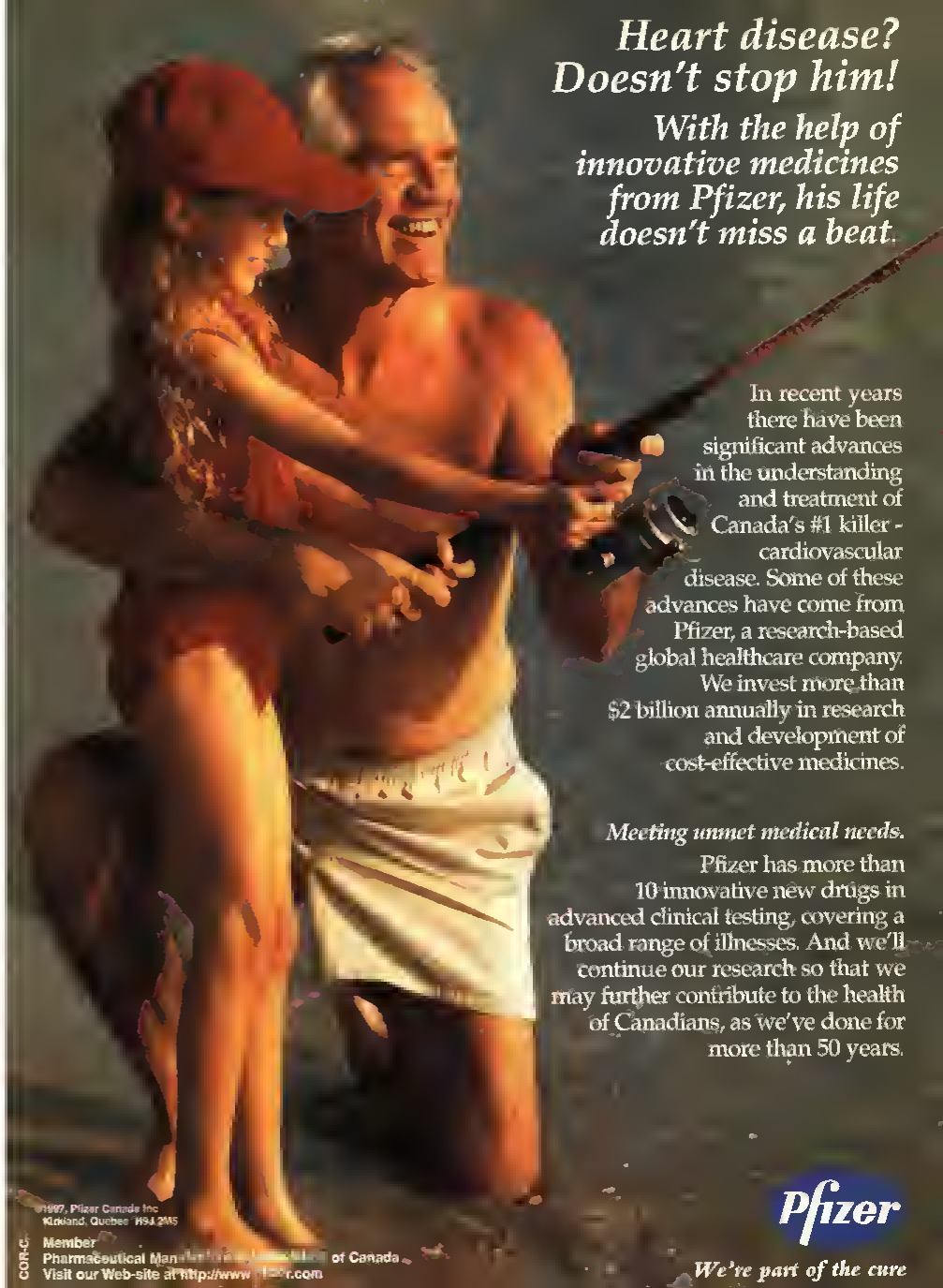
A response worthy of Benton Fraser. But, once again, Gross is no Benton Fraser. He swears, smokes, drinks, has strong opinions. He even gambles. One weekend, he chartered a small plane and flew to Atlantic City with two stunt guys and Campbell. "We checked in, pretended to have something to eat, then stood at a craps table for 12 hours,' says Gross. "They give you free drinks and pump oxygen into the room, so you make incredibly stupid bets. By the end of the night, I was $2,000 down." Gross spent the next day dutifully earning it back. "I was terribly hungover. I dragged myself to some table and threw the dice without looking, and they just went straight across and hit a guy on the forehead. But by the end of the day, I'd broken even."

There is a knock on the trailer door. *Due South* is waiting for Benton Fraser. The set is dressed as a small-town sheriff's office in Michigan, festooned with antlers, gift shop doodads and a stuffed fish. The scene calls for a tricky continuous shot, which begins with Diefenbaker jumping up and grabbing a Kleenex box off the desk to take to a weeping prisoner. The dog nails it on the first take. But the actors and crew need more time to get it perfect. By then, Diefenbaker has lost interest. There are many more takes, and the dog misses the Kleenex each time. Finally, Gross loses his patience and decides to use the first take. He can do that now. He's the boss. □

The Hunk Factor, he says, 'has dogged me all my life'



Onstage in 1985: a rock-star Romeo who would swing from tree branches and shinny up vines



From hellion to hot property

Callum Keith Rennie makes up for lost time



The *Due South* sidekick: plans to 'up the ante' in Los Angeles

Outside the industrial ruins that house the *Due South* studios in midtown Toronto, Callum Keith Rennie can be found in his trailer, assiduously stuffing carrots into an electronic juicer. He used to prefer a stronger kind of juice, and spent so much time under its influence that there are several years of his life that he cannot quite account for. But Rennie has not had a drink since catching a shard of glass in his eye during a barroom fight four years ago back home in Vancouver. The eye survived, and the story has become a signature scar in the career of an actor who likes to deal in sharp edges.

On CTV's *Due South*, Rennie is the new guy. Replacing David Marciano as the sidekick, he plays Chicago detective Stanley Raymond Kowalski, the street-smart foil to Paul Gross's Mountie-with-a-heart-of-gold. "The basic dynamic remains intact," says Gross. "I'm naive and from the wilderness, and he's cynical and from the street. But I think our relationship is more combustible. David had an easier charm. Callum is spikier."

As he sips his carrot juice, a picture of studied casualness in a V-neck pullover, navy sweatpants and tan biker boots, the 37-year-old Rennie does have a rugged intensity about him. And he seems as cagey as Gross is forthright. But by bit, he offers up threads of his past. Born in England, raised in Alberta. Did not start acting until he was 25. His parents are middle-class, separated. Wanted to be a mountaineer and supported his climbing habit with "crummy jobs—cooking, laying railroad track, digging ditches"—before discovering theatre in Edmonton.

Relocating to Vancouver, Rennie burned through a variety of TV roles, criminals mostly, in *The X-Files*, *The Commish*, *The Highlander* and *Lonesome Dove*. But he began to attract serious notice with a volley of small Canadian features—as a nerdy boyfriend in *Double Happiness* (1994), as a recovering junkie in *Curtis's Charm* (1995) and, most notably, as a charismatic punk guitarist in Bruce McDonald's mock rockumentary, *Hard Core Logo* (1996). He also stars in McDonald's offbeat CBC series *Twitch City*, set to debut next January. And as a cocaine-addled nut in Kari Skogland's recent *Men with Guns*, he steals the movie. "Everything has happened pretty quickly," says the soft-spoken actor. "I've had a great run in the last little while."

With his film career heating up, Rennie had qualms about locking into the weekly grind of *Due South*. "I'm by nature better suited to flashing quickly on roles and getting out of them without having to expose myself too much," he says. Gross, meanwhile, had reservations about hiring him. "Paul was worried I wouldn't have the endurance or the ability to take direction," says Rennie. "He thought I was really raw and didn't have any technique—it actually just looked like I had none, which is maybe a good thing. Finally, the two actors went to a bar (beer for Gross, soda water for Rennie) and ended up flipping a coin. When it turned up tails, they made it best out of three.

"It was the most potentially disastrous decision I had to make," says Gross, who doubles as the show's executive producer. "It's like a marriage. I spend more time with Callum than I do with my wife." But the partnership has clicked. "It has, on balance, been a riot," says Gross. "Callum's also very daring physically, and that really benefits the style of the show. David didn't like to do stunts, which becomes very limiting. Whereas if you chucked Callum out of a plane, it would be fine."

Replacing a character on "an established show that has a huge fan base," says Rennie, "means you're gonna be judged as, 'Well, you're-not-the-other-guy.' " And it took him a few episodes to feel secure in the role. But there was instant chemistry with Gross. "I understand him as a good ol' Alberta boy," Rennie explains. "I know how whacked he is. People go, 'Jeez, you guys are so different.' But we're so much the same. We both have that outside-looking-in-at-the-ridiculousness-of-things. We keep a cool exterior, and underneath it's sort of a lot of other stuff."

Still, Rennie does not expect to stick around. He insisted on a rare one-year contract—and it is doubtful that Gross would risk typecasting himself as a Mountie for another season. When this one ends, Rennie plans to head straight for Los Angeles. "I just want to up the ante," he says. "In this country, I seem to work with a lot of first time directors. And at this point, I can't risk being f——d with by people who are too neurotic with their material to allow me to do what I want." And, like Gross, Rennie is unhappy with the kinds of roles available in Canada. "Things have to change in the way we make movies," he says. "We don't write for heroic characters." Rennie seems to have his mind set on leaving the Canadian archetype in the dust. In Vancouver, he owns what he calls "a racing truck—a 1964 Mercury shortbox with a 390 El Camino engine." And he is looking forward to a long drive—due south.

BRIAN D. JOHNSON

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COVER

More clicker confusion

With greater choices, it is harder to find the gems

In televiston circles these days, "fragmentation" is the buzzword. With the explosion of cable offerings over the past decade (along with the more recent incursion of cable's competitive sister, satellite TV), network execs have had to contend with the new realities of the multi-channel universe—shrinking audiences who can switch from the broadcast nets to any number of specialty stations, their channel allegiances as fickle as the fingers on their remote controls. Now, with the beginning of another season and the upcoming launch of as many as 16 new channels on cable, the Canadian TV landscape is about to experience fragmentation in spades. And therein lies a challenge for viewers. Sure, once stations like The Comedy Network, Home & Garden Television and Teletoon hit the dial, there will be a lot of choice. But there will also be plenty of confusion. What should viewers watch, in this mishmash of sitcoms, cop yarns, cooking programs, home-renovation guides, adventure-travel half-hours, documentaries and talk shows?

The sad fact is, even with the addition of new channels, it is a lacklustre TV season, delivering (to paraphrase Bruce Springsteen) 57 channels and nothing *much* on. Still, there are some valuable offerings, even if they seem as hard to find as gold in the Brex mine. Here, then, is an assay of the new TV season—the overhyped and the not-to-be-overlooked.



Bullard: scathing irony undercut by a real sense of warmth

COMEDY: Most of the new American sitcoms are beneath criticism, and only one seems a sure hit—for little apparent reason beyond its positioning by the network. Following up *Seinfeld* in NBC's Thursday lineup, **Veronica's Closet** (Canadian independents) has the cushiest time-slot in television. But despite the overwhelming hype, the show is middling fare at best. Starring Kirstie Alley of *Cheers* fame as the doyenne of a Victoria's Secret-style lingerie company, *Closet* promises a naughty take on celebrity and sex, but delivers only fat jokes, scantily clad models and sitcom-workplace clichés. Much better, though underrated, is **The Gregory Hines Show** (CBS and Global), a warm and entertaining vehicle for the dancer-actor, who stars as a widower struggling with loneliness and fatherhood. The script is understated and funny, and the supporting cast (especially Wendell Pierce as Hines's perennial-bachelor brother) is great. It is a smart, funny, middle-class sitcom—*The Courtship of Eddie's Father* meets *Cosby*.

Some of this season's funniest programming is homegrown. Most surprising is **Double Exposure**, a satirical take on current events featuring Vancouver's Bob Robertson and Linda Cullen, which debuts in November on The Comedy Network and BBS. The heart of the show is the former CBC Radio duo's voice-overs of news clips, which sounds like a pretty stale and sophomoric routine—but it works, thanks to crisp writing and an irreverent attitude. **Go Girl!** (WTN), a new sitcom from the creators of *The Red Green Show*, is less biting and more homespun. Starring Lisa Merchant and Janet Van de Graaff as hosts of an all-female talk show, it relies on cheap gags and lowbrow observational humor. But like the macho-dumb *Red Green*, it could well attract a cult following.

The Comedy Network's flagship show is **Open Mike**, a live program produced in Toronto and featuring the offbeat comedy of Mike Bullard, a buck-toothed jokester whose scathing irony is undercut by a real sense of warmth—a purely Canadian reversal of Jerry Seinfeld's threatening politeness. Heck, the guy even looks like a beaver. Also worth checking out on The Comedy Network is **The Dish Show**, hosted by Brigitte Gall and Maureen Holloway. A talk show with edge, *Dish* promises to be fascinating TV: the women's frank discussions (one episode is about bisexuality) are brash, funny—and completely uncut.

Also well worth checking out is The Comedy Network's adult cartoon **Dr. Katz: Professional Therapist**, a post-neurotic exploration of modern-day insecurities a la Woody Allen. And with the entry of Teletoon into the channel lineup in mid-October, adults can look forward to a host of funny, cutting-edge animation. Best of a good bunch is **Captain Star**, a Canadian-produced mock-heroic space epic revolving around a character who is at once "the greatest hero the universe has ever known"—and an intergalactic pitchman for T-shirts, coffee mugs and other useless paraphernalia. It is a biting, understated take on corporate culture and the sci fi genre, featuring the perfectly cast voice of Richard E. Grant.

DRAMA: Out of the States comes the usual assortment of cops-and-robbers stuff, led by Steven Bochco's **Brooklyn South** (CBS and Global). Focusing on the travails of police officers in a tough, racially divided neighborhood, the show is kind of a *Hill Street*

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Blues for the '90s. It tries hard to shock by being ultraviolent. But with *NYPD Blue*, *Law & Order* and *Homicide: Life on the Street* still going strong, does anyone really need another crime drama? The same might be asked of **Michael Hayes** (CBS and Canadian independents), the much-anticipated return to TV of David Caruso. The show, which stars the car rot topped former *NYPD Blue* star as a politically ambitious DA and co-stars David Cubitt of Canada's *Traders* as his ne'er-do-well brother, is well-produced and has a consistent brooding atmosphere. The trouble is Caruso, who in trying to be intense, comes across as so uptight that it is hard to care about his character—or about the show.

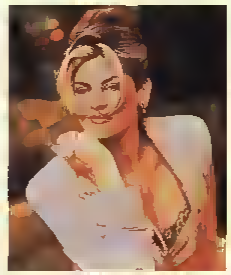
The dearth of creativity among crime shows is best exemplified by **Cracker** (ABC and CTV), an Americanized version of the brilliant British mystery program starring Robbie Coltrane. The irony is, the show is good. As the womanizing Fitz, Robert Pastorelli is convincing and capable. The supporting cast is uniformly strong, and the story lines so far have been faithful to their British cousin. It would be easy to hate the American *Cracker* for being a ripoff, but at least its producers had the sense to rip off a terrific program.

Thankfully, this season is short on the drippy *X-Files* and *Star Trek* clones that have cluttered network lineups for the past few years. But three new shows on the paranormal get top marks for ambition—and imagination. The least successful is **Earth: The Final Conflict** (BBS), based on an idea from Gene Roddenberry, late creator of *Star Trek*. Set in the near future, the show revolves around William Boone (Kevin Kilner), an ex-cop working for aliens who have come to Earth to save humanity—but who may have ulterior motives. Shot largely in Toronto, *Earth* treads familiar territory to sci-fi fans, but good special effects and solid casting may keep them interested. **The Visitor** (Fox and Global) should have a broader appeal. Starring John Corbett (*Northern Exposure*) as an alien abductee who returns to Earth to save humanity (sound familiar?), it is sometimes overly sentimental. But Corbett has a naive attractiveness, and his quirky handling of well-worn material makes for something different. Closer to home, the Canadian-produced **Deepwater Black** (YTV) is aimed at a younger market. But the well-written tale of youthful space colonists (led by Gordon Michael Woolvett) merits a peek even from older sci-fi junkies.

The outlook for adult-oriented dramas would be truly depressing were it not for a couple of worthy entries. One is **Ally McBeal** (Fox), which none of the major Canadian networks saw fit to buy. Created by David E. Kelley—whose *Picket Fences* was a cult hit—the namesake character is a young, somewhat scatterbrained lawyer (Calista Flockhart) juggling her career and her complicated personal life. It's occasionally dumb and often over-the-top, but on balance the show creates convincing characters *and* takes them seri-



Hines: a widower struggling with loneliness and fatherhood



Alley: promising naughtiness but delivering clichés



Pastorelli: the U.S. *Cracker* is faithful to its British antecedent



***Dr. Katz: Professional Therapist*: animated neurosis**

ously. The same goes for **Nothing Sacred** (ABC and CTV), a gritty drama about an inner-city priest (Kevin Anderson) trying to keep his soup kitchen and his parishioners on the straight and narrow. With strong writing and a contrarian attitude, the show's focus on social-justice issues is timely and refreshing. Unfortunately, it came in last in the ratings when it debuted last month—and it may now take an act of God to save *Nothing Sacred*.

LIFESTYLES/DOCUMENTARIES: So much of the lineup is crowded with specialized programming—with Home & Garden Television and Outdoor Life joining the established channels—that any taste and interest is bound to find its TV reflection. But a couple of self-help and do-it-yourself programs stand out. One is **Foodessence**, which debuted last week on Life Network. Hosted by energetic East Coaster Andrew Younghusband, it is not a cooking show, but rather a lively anthropological exploration of food trends and history. Another useful entry is **Savoir Faire** (Home & Garden Television), with Nik Manojlovich as a kind of male Martha Stewart who walks viewers through the minutiae of tasteful entertaining.

On the serious side, high-quality documentaries abound. History Television weighs in with **Faces of History**, a weekly biography show about Canadian personalities past and present, and **Timelines**, a weighty series from telejournalist Michael Maclear. The leadoff program—a rerun of a documentary about Gen. Douglas MacArthur, *American Caesar*—is excellent. On Discovery, the most-talked-about new show is **Exhibit "A"**, a look at the way forensic science—blood analysis, fingerprinting and ballistics, among other techniques—is used to solve crimes. Hosted by a brooding Graham Greene, *Exhibit "A"* comes across as a slicker, upscale *America's Most Wanted*, complete with B-level actors re-creating real-life crimes. Still, it is quick-paced and informative, and delivers vicarious chills.

Often and unfairly dismissed as a soapbox for assorted televangelists, Vision TV has added a host of international films and documentaries that offer a reprieve from the tedium of typical TV fare. The U.S.-produced, four-part series **Death: The Trip of a Lifetime** traces attitudes and rituals surrounding the sweet hereafter from Mexico to India and Australia. It is beautifully filmed, enthralling television. Grittier—and more outright entertaining—is **Extreme Asia**, a British-produced, six-part video journey through the arts and youth culture of Asia. The show is sometimes unsteady, but its occasional misses make the hits—on such topics as the throat singers of Siberia and the rebirth of Mao Tse-tung as a Chinese pop icon—all the more fascinating. Amateurish, offbeat and exotic, *Extreme Asia* won't win any ratings battles. But it remains a much-needed reminder of what the medium can achieve when it dares to take chances.

JOE CHIDLEY

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The great divide

Teachers face down the Ontario government

BY VICTOR DWYER

In his two years as Ontario's education minister, John Snobelen has been called a lot of things by his opponents. But surely one of the most ironic was a name chosen last week by Earl Manners, president of the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation. Commenting on a new education act that would give him the power to reduce the preparation time allotted high school teachers to levels closer to those of their elementary colleagues, Manners called Snobelen "the minister of the lowest common denominator." And it soon became clear that, common denominators notwithstanding, Snobelen was having a difficult time dividing—dividing his opponents, that is. As a tense week unfolded, the province's five teachers' unions banded together to promise a provincewide strike should the bill make it through second reading, which could happen anytime. And a growing number of school-board trustees, angry parents, and even some of Snobelen's fellow Conservative MPPs joined the chorus of those openly questioning whether the Education Quality Improvement Act was merely a ploy to grab power—and reduce taxes. "The more I see," said Kathryn Blackett, a Toronto mother of three school-age children, "the more I'm convinced this government doesn't want to educate my kids. It wants to finance a tax cut on their backs."

Certainly no one, Snobelen included, denies that the 262-page act, tabled as Bill 160, would grant the government of Mike Harris unprecedented power over public education. For starters, it gives Snobelen, rather than local municipalities, the right to set education taxes. But it would also give him considerable control over how that money is spent. Under the act, the minister—not the collective agreements of school boards and teachers' unions—would decide the amount of time teachers spend in the classroom, the number of students in each class, and which classes could be staffed by noncertified teachers. "The biggest decision teachers, parents and school boards will have," says Gail Nyberg, chair of the East York Board of Education, "is whether the flag comes down at 4 o'clock or 4:15."

Granting the province control over both taxing and spending, say critics, is worrisome for another reason as well. The Harris government was elected in 1995 on a promise to reduce taxes by 30 per cent, and so far has delivered only half of that cut. And Snobelen, who has sliced at least $600 million from education, has indicated that the $14-billion school system could survive another $1 billion in cuts. What is more, Snobelen's news release on the new act made it clear that he sees it as an ideal opportunity to put a lid on spending. Along with "providing students with the highest-quality education," it promises that, in establishing "the authority for the province," the act will "solve the problem of spiralling education and property taxes."



Snobelen: unprecedented control over education

Not surprisingly, teachers portray the new act as a tool to weaken union contracts. And they point to the experience of teachers in Alberta. No sooner did the government of Ralph Klein begin collecting education taxes in 1993 than it demanded a five-per-cent wage cut, and sliced another 7.5 per cent from education spending. And although Klein announced an infusion of $110 million last week, teachers note that it is only a fraction of what he originally took out. Angry Calgary teachers are currently working to rule. And last weekend, thousands of teachers converged on the legislature in Edmonton to demand the province loosen the purse strings further.

In Ontario, even some of Snobelen's erstwhile supporters are questioning the shape and scope of the new act. "Until now, this government has been cleaning up an educational mess," says Kim Schuh of Stroud, Ont. Schuh, who voted for Harris, points favorably to the introduction of standardized report cards and a new, more focused curriculum. Still, she says she has reservations about the proposed cuts in prep time, which teachers use for planning, marking and counselling. "These days," says Schuh, "we count on teachers to do a lot more than teach." The cuts would bring Ontario prep time to roughly the average of the other provinces and, with other changes, would allow Snobelen to eliminate 4,400 teaching positions, which he says could happen through attrition.

Equally controversial is a proposal to staff art and music classes, as well as guidance offices, with noncertified teachers. "Parents want to know the people teaching their kids are trained to deal with children," says Toronto's Blackett. "It can't just be anybody who will work for a lower wage." Teachers note that such instructors will not be subject to the authority of the Ontario College of Teachers, created by Snobelen to increase professional accountability. Says Ontario Teachers' Federation president Eileen Lennon: "They won't be subject to the same code of ethics or to college disciplinary investigations. Where's the accountability?"

As she and other union leaders agreed late last week to meet with Snobelen, Lennon predicted that a strike may be unavoidable. "And if we act," she added, "it will be provincewide." Still, Snobelen and his government seemed determined to forge ahead with the new act. Said Harris: "If [teachers] want to come and say, 'Us, the teachers' unions, are going to run the system,' I don't have time for that." Perhaps not, but as his government pushed ahead with Bill 160, the only thing for certain was that time was running out. □





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NEW ORGANS AT WORK: England's 87-member team waves to spectators at the opening ceremonies of the 11th World Transplant Games in Sydney, Australia. Forty-one Canadians were among the 1,200 competitors from 51 countries—all recipients of some form of transplant—going for medals in swimming, squash, track, cycling, bowling and other events.

Exploring a fatal link

Scientists in Britain have established a direct link between mad-cow disease, a mysterious brain ailment that has killed thousands of British cattle, and a fatal human disease. Although 20 people have so far died from new variant Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (nvCJD), the human counterpart of bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE), the link between the two conditions had remained speculative. New evidence proves with "virtual certainty" that they are the same illness, says Montreal neurologist Neil Cashman, a member of a Health Canada committee investigating mad-cow disease.

Researchers at the Institute for Animal Health in Edinburgh made the connection by injecting mice with infected tissue from the brains of human victims. Scientists at the Imperial College School of Medicine in London also concluded that nvCJD and mad-cow disease have the same molecular signature.

• In Canada, the Red Cross alerted hospitals that blood products given to about 50,000 people came from a single donor, whose father recently died from a type of Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease. The donor carries a gene linked to a hereditary form of CJD, but there is no known case of anyone getting the disease from a blood donation.

Second thoughts

The federal government shelved a plan to require manufacturers, distributors and importers of herbal and homeopathic medicines to submit to a licensing procedure. Instead, Health Minister Allan Rock is asking the House of Commons health committee to consider how those products should be regulated. One option would be to have natural medicines treated as a special category, separate from other foods and drugs. The health protection branch had wanted the natural products to be considered as drugs, a designation that would have required strict licensing and testing for every product. That proposal encountered strong opposition from manufacturers and sellers, who said it was not economically feasible. While the review is under way, natural vitamins, supplements and herbs will be subject to existing regulations. They require any remedies that make medicinal claims to be treated as drugs, subject to a strict approval process before they can be marketed.

Lives in the balance

The fate of nearly 900 monkeys used in scientific experiments is on hold while their owner, Health Canada, gets advice on what to do with them. Research programs for which the monkey colony was being used have wound up, and there are no others planned. About 140 of the animals were to be put to death in mid-September, with the others to follow. But after receiving complaints, Health Canada called a moratorium on the deaths and turned the matter over to the Royal Society of Canada, an organization dedicated to promoting research in the arts and sciences. It is to report next month. Animal rights activists want the monkeys to be sent to an animal sanctuary. "We do not want to see them sold for research," said Stephanie Brown of the Canadian Federation of Humane Societies. "There would just be more pain and suffering."

Nothing to sneeze at

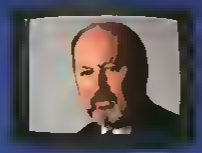
In separate announcements, American researchers reported the development of a nasal spray to prevent colds, and a pill to prevent the flu. Dr. Ronald Turner, an infectious disease expert at the University of South Carolina, says a nasal spray he produced helps ward off colds and reduce symptoms. In a report to the Interscience Conference on Antimicrobial Agents and Chemotherapy in Toronto, Turner said the spray is designed to keep the virus from binding to human cells. Turner reported testing it on 177 young adults who were isolated in a hotel for eight days and exposed to the cold virus.

Another infectious disease specialist, Dr. Fred Hayden of the University of Virginia, told the conference he has developed a flu vaccine in the form of a pill. (Current flu vaccines are injected.) Hayden's pill contains an artificially engineered molecule called GS-4104, designed to stop flu viruses from settling in the body. Hayden said he tested it on 40 young adults after exposing them to influenza A. Their flu symptoms lasted about two days, while another 40 subjects who received a placebo were sick for four days. Hayden said the vaccine could also be produced as a liquid for children or older adults. But it must be tested on thousands of subjects before it becomes widely available—a process likely to take several years.

Maclean's gives you five reasons to watch television.



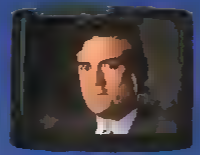
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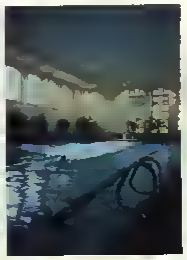
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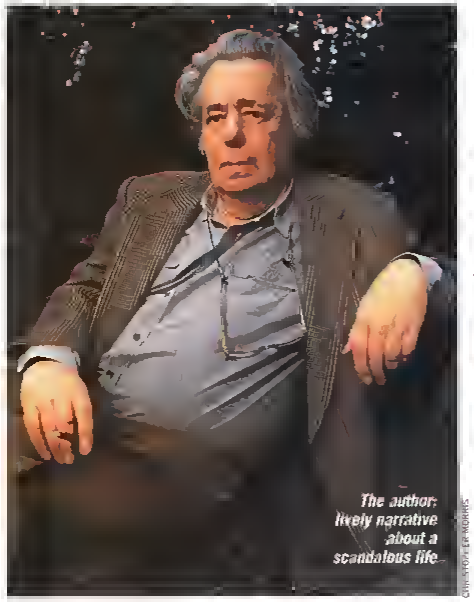
Mordecai Richler's gruff new hero grapples with his mortality

BARNEY'S VERSION
By Mordecai Richler
(Knopf Canada, 417 pages, $32.95)

Across the land, Mordecai Richler's face is almost as famous as his books. The longish hair, usually collapsing around his ears. The sad-sack eyes. The big schnoz. The older he gets, the more he resembles Golda Meir. His readers love him, hate him, and often do both—not a bad measure of success for a satirist. He has poked fun at everything from vegetarians to Quebec's language police, and in one notorious magazine article he undertook to explain Canadians to Americans in terms that were less than flattering. He is also, of course, one of the country's leading novelists, the author of such books as *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* (1959) and *St. Urbain's Horseman* (1971). It is now eight years since the publication of his last novel, *Solomon Gursky was Here*, long enough for his fans to think he might be preparing something really special. They will not be disappointed. *Barney's Version*, nominated for this year's Giller Prize, is a feast of nonstop storytelling, and arguably his funniest book yet.

Because of his prominent international profile—his books sell well abroad, he writes for Hollywood, and he spends much of the year in England—it is easy to forget that Richler is essentially a regional author. The territory that feeds his imagination is Jewish Montreal, which is as much a state of mind as a particular neighborhood. *Barney's Version* is not only situated there, but it also makes frequent references to the other Montreal novels, as if Richler were drawing attention to their imaginative unity. The Gurskys are mentioned, and Duddy Kravitz makes a guest appearance (now a millionaire several times over, he is as shamelessly self-promoting as ever). But what distinguishes *Barney's Version* from the earlier books is a truly manic comic energy, combined with an unliterary roughness of style. Richler seems to be enjoying a freedom that sometimes comes to older artists, like Doris Lessing in her late novels, or Picasso in his final decades. Richler has found a way to his subject that is direct and almost crude at times—though there is more art in this crudeness than first appears.

The novel's style mirrors its rough-and-ready narrator, a hard-drinking producer of bad TV programs named Barney Panofsky. Like Richler himself, Barney is in his mid-60s. He describes himself as a "sour, judgmental



The author: lively narrative about a scandalous life

CHRISTOPHER PATEY/GETTY IMAGES

presence," though that hardly does justice to his droll wit. Barney is writing his memoirs to combat the version of his life he suspects is about to appear in *Of Time and Fevers*, an autobiography by his archenemy, the mediocre (but much-celebrated) Canadian novelist Terry McIver. In many ways, Barney's life has been a scandal. He has had three wives. The first, a poet, committed suicide and became a feminist icon, while Barney is widely suspected of abusing her. The second he married in cold self-interest, simply because she was rich and respectable. The third, Miriam, whom he still loves, has abandoned him. On top of all that, Barney may also have murdered his best friend, the brilliant failed writer and drug addict, Boogie Moscovitch.

Barney is one of those characters who, the more awful they reveal themselves to be, the more weirdly likable they become. Fuelled by outrageous chutzpah, he does things most people only fantasize about. During the party to celebrate his second marriage, he glimpses a beautiful stranger across the room (it turns out to be Miriam). Falling instantly in love, he rushes to her side. "I've got two tickets for tomorrow's flight to Paris in my jacket pocket," he tells her. "Come with me."

Barney's habitual grumpiness gives Richler lots of opportunity to savage some of his favorite targets, including radical feminists, left-wingers, right-wingers and human vanity of all sorts. Among its scores of minor characters is a fund-raiser for aid to Israel who heartily approves of the desecration of synagogues by thugs, because it generates donations from fearful Jews. The book also pokes fun at the pomposity of Quebec's separatist government—and the paranoia of many of the province's anglophones. Witness Barney's version of the recorded message that greets him when he calls Montreal General Hospital: "Press number 17 for service of *les maudits anglais*, or number 12 for service *en français*, the glorious language of our oppressed collectivity."

Like a character in a Samuel Beckett novel, Barney is an enthralled witness to his own decay. Richler wrings a lot of fun from Barney's struggle to remember the names of things and to cope with the embarrassing side-effects of his swollen prostate gland. In fact, what powers this novel is a bitter, ironic sense of mortality—a raging against the dying of the light. This clearly comes from some very profound place in Richler. When Barney recalls, poignantly, what bliss it was for him and Miriam to watch their four young children come running into the bedroom and bounce on the bed, it is difficult not to think it is Richler—himself the father of five children—speaking of his own life.

But it is not necessary to unearth the autobiography in this novel in order to experience its deeper pathos. Curmudgeon though he is, Barney is saying goodbye to much that he loves: his outrageousness, his energy, even his hatreds, are, in the end, a kind of celebration.

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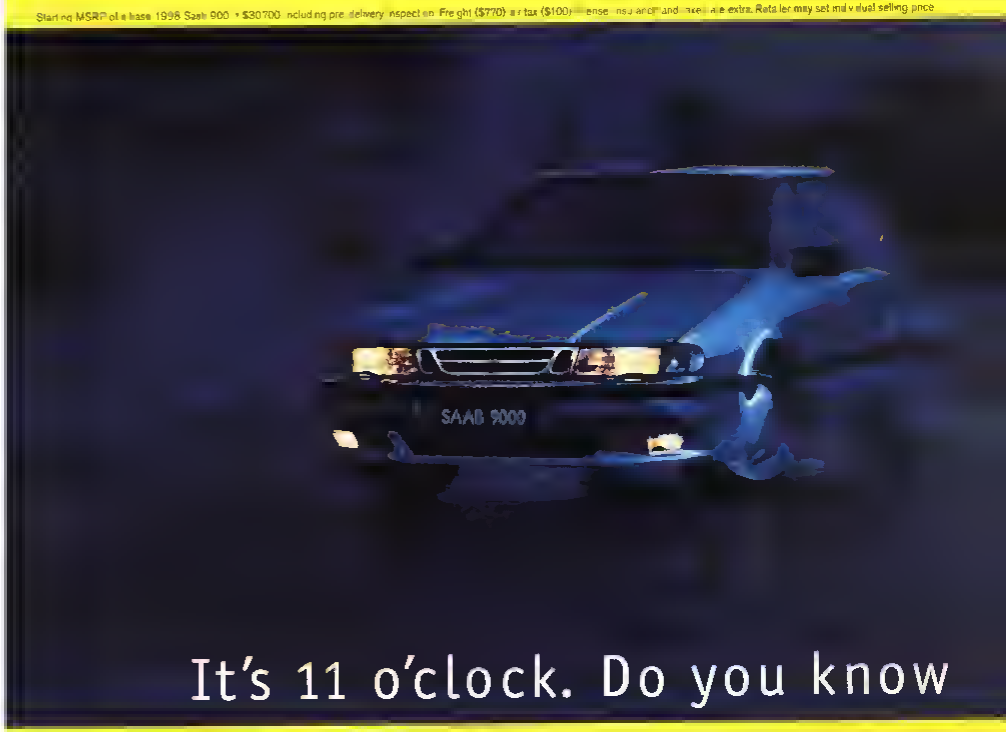
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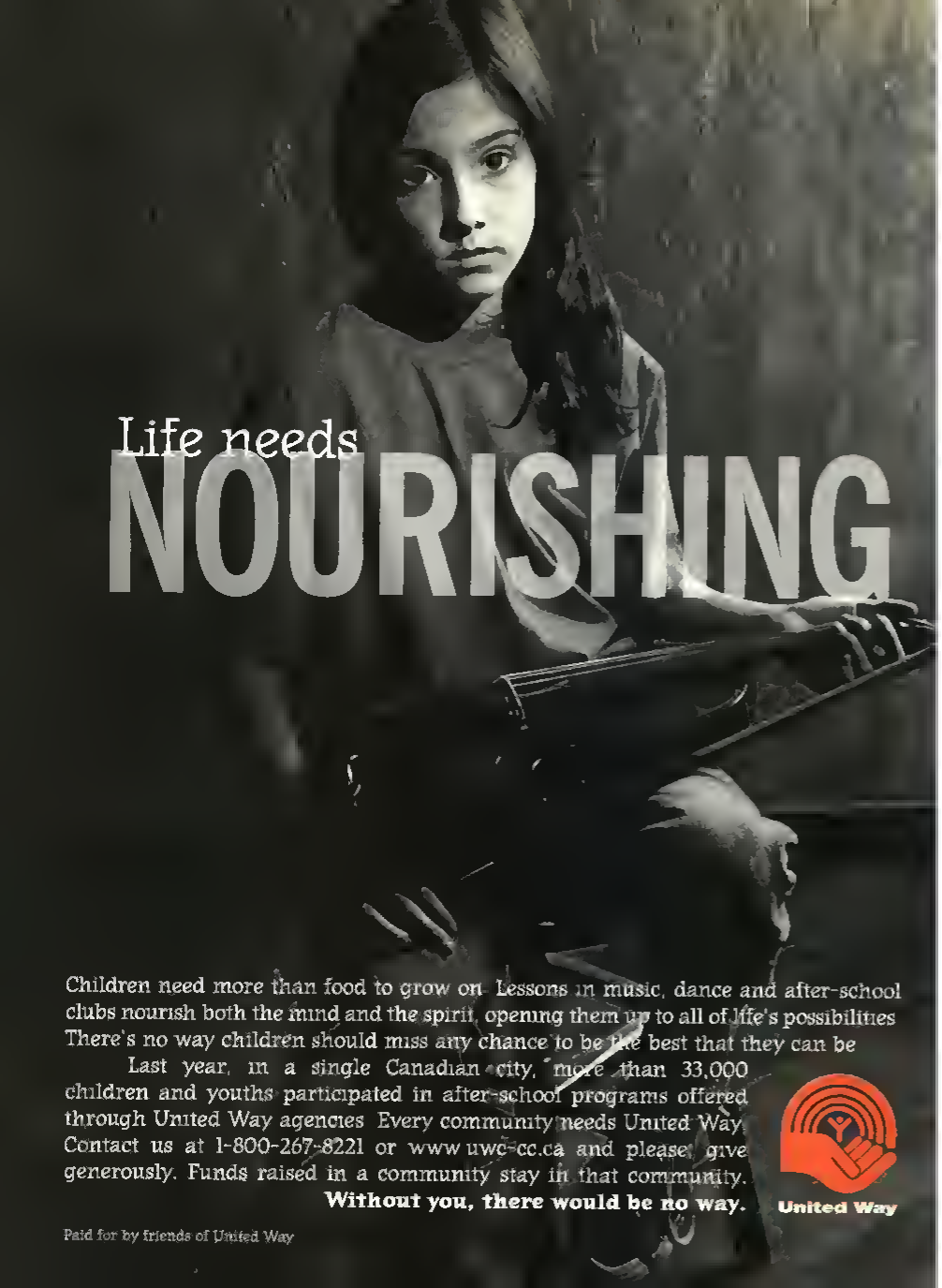
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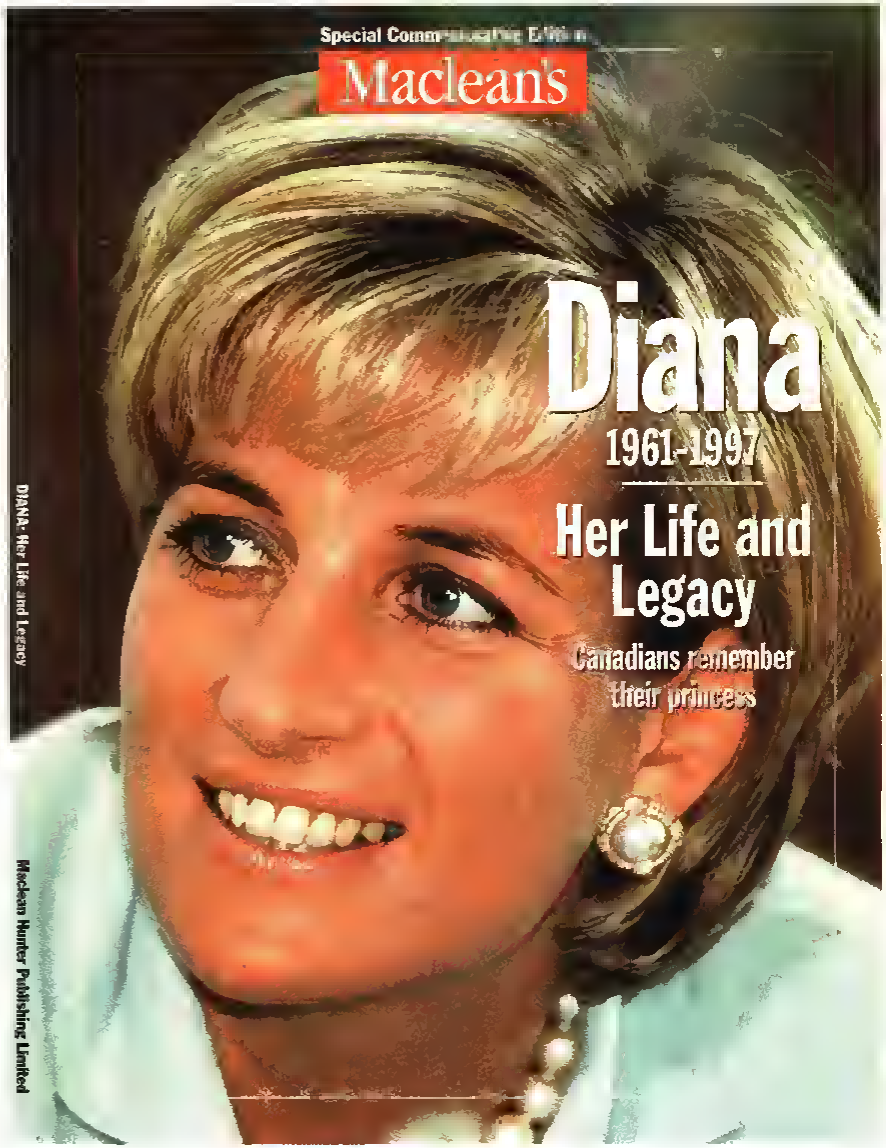
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For the Record

Some Cuban sizzle

Ry Cooder turns up the musical heat in Havana

Ry Cooder's résumé is one of the most impressive in popular music. He has lent his guitar skills to recordings by The Rolling Stones, Van Morrison and Neil Young, among many others. His own albums, which have won critical acclaim and modest commercial success, are respected for their loving treatment of such early styles as Dixieland, gospel, blues and 1950s rock 'n' roll. His film scores, including those for *The Long Riders* (1980), *The Border* (1981) and, especially, *Paris, Texas* (1984), are revered for their evocative soundscapes. But for all his accomplishments, 50-year-old Cooder considers a recording he recently made with a group of older Cuban musicians to be the pinnacle of his career. To make the album, Cooder travelled to Havana to record with several legendary players, including singer-guitarist Compay Segundo, 89, and pianist Ruben Gonzáles, 77, who came out of retirement for the project. There, in Egrem studios, where Nat (King) Cole and Cab Calloway recorded in pre-revolutionary days, Cooder bridged the language barrier and coped with broken-down equipment to produce *Buena Vista Social Club*, an album of exceptional grace and artistry. "These people have a gift for the world, a true treasure to offer," Cooder told *Maclean's*. "I consider myself lucky just to have been a part of the recording."


The artist: 'These people have a gift for the world'

Modesty aside, Cooder's involvement in the project may do for Cuban music what Paul Simon did for South African music with his 1986 album, *Graceland*. Where Simon introduced the world to the township sounds of *mbanqanga* and *mbube*, and made stars of Ladysmith Black Mambazo, *Buena Vista Social Club* (World Circuit/Nonesuch/Warner)—just out in North America and released in Europe in the summer—is bringing such traditional Cuban styles as *son*, *guajira* and *danzón* to wider audiences and making a name for the music's originators. Already, Gonzales and his partners in The Afro-Cuban All Stars are touring Europe. And another member of the All Stars, 70-year old singer Ibrahim Ferrer, is enjoying a hit single in Spain. When the recording was released in Britain, the London *Times* praised it as "an album of exotic charm that enfolds you in a warm, passionate embrace." For Cooder, the Cuban recording is the latest in a series of albums that have successfully crossed the cultural divide. In 1994, he won a Grammy Award for Best World Music Album for *A Meeting by the River*, a collaboration with East Indian guitarist V. M. Bhatt. The following year, he repeated the same feat with *Talking Timbuktu*, a duet with Malian guitarist Ali Farka Toure.

Growing up in California, Cooder discovered that music could be a perfect vehicle through which to explore the world. The musician, who lives in Santa Monica, explains that the discovery came shortly after he received his first guitar at the age of 3. "Records opened up the world to me when I was a kid," he recalls. "For some people, that comes through movies or sports. But I sat there listening to records, and they brought a flood of images and all sorts of emotions. I was hooked." Hanging out in Los Angeles folk and blues clubs as a teenager in the early 1960s, he played with any headliner who would let him. By 1966, he and another musical explorer, Taj Mahal, teamed up to form The Rising Sons. But it was through his studio work for the likes of Johnny Cash, Randy Newman and Gordon Lightfoot that Cooder paid his dues—and his bills. Then, in the 1970s, a series of albums, including *Into the Purple Valley*, *Paradise and Lunch* and *Chicken Skin Music*, established him in his own right.

Meanwhile, Cooder's childhood interest in music from other cultures continued unabated, and sent him off to explore the sounds of Hawaii, Mexico, the Caribbean and other places, and sometimes to make records with—or at least showcase—their performers. "All of this is about trying to live out a musical fantasy," Cooder explains. "You hear something in your head—you imagine it—and you go out in search of it. I like Tex-Mex music, and eventually I find [accordion player] Flaco Jimmez. There goes that fantasy. What next?"

The same motivation prompted Cooder to travel to Cuba for his latest project. "Nowadays, you hear a lot of Cuban salsa and Cuban jazz, which is great," he says. "But classic styles like the *guajira*, *danzón* and *son*, which is the root of salsa, are the real thing, and they're worth keeping alive. It's like when they dig up the Amazon and lose the plants, it's bad for the planet. If we didn't make this record, the world might never have known of Ruben, the greatest pianist I have ever encountered, nor heard Ibrahim sing a song like *Dos Gardenas*, and that would be a terrible loss."

Cooder bristles at the suggestion that this makes him a musical archivist. "This is living, breathing music," he says, "not some museum we stumbled on. I'm just trying to catch some of it before it disappears." He shares that task with his 19-year old son, Joachim, who plays various drums on *Buena Vista Social Club*. The elder Cooder adds: "What I'm doing is more like prospecting. Prospectors are always out there, searching for their next treasure. They die on the trail like old desert rats. Pretty soon, they wind up buried with their burro. What else can a guy like me do?"

NICHOLAS JENNINGS

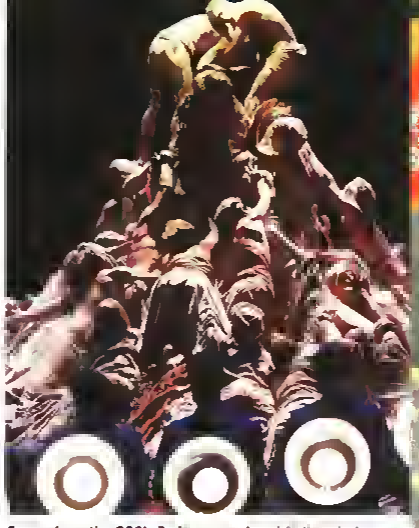
Terrible beauty

A Stravinsky double bill is mesmerizing

OEDIPUS REX with SYMPHONY OF PSALMS
By Igor Stravinsky
Directed by François Girard

On a dark screen filling the upper two-thirds of the stage at Toronto's Hummingbird Centre, people's names gradually appear—seemingly written by an invisible hand. Below, in a wide, cave-like aperture, members of the Canadian Opera Company's chorus are singing Igor Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*, his deeply spiritual 1930 work based on biblical texts. As the songs progress, with their haunting evocation of mortality and divine mercy, the names—which belong to AIDS victims—continue to accumulate above. By the end, they fill the screen, a blizzard of letters frozen in time.

Soon afterwards, the screen drops to reveal an immense pile of shrouded corpses. It is as if the names have become embodied. At the summit, on an oversized throne, sits King Oedipus (Michael Schade), the lead character in Stravinsky's 1927 opera, *Oedipus Rex*, adapted from Sophocles's play. As the COC chorus sings of the plague destroying his city, it already seems that the two works—*The Symphony of Psalms* and the musical drama of the ill-fated king who kills his own father and marries his mother—are a seamless whole.



Scene from the COC's Oedipus: *real and fictional plagues*

As far as the COC can determine, no other company has ever attempted to wed the two compositions so intimately. The brilliant success of this double bill (which runs until Oct. 19) owes much to director François Girard, best-known for his feature *Thirty-Two Short Films About Glenn Gould*, and to his gifted designer, Michael Levine. The two have created such striking images that they almost outbid the music for the audience's attention. All this is part of COC artistic director Richard Bradshaw's campaign to make opera more exciting to a younger generation accustomed to the nonstop stimulation of film and video. In *Oedipus Rex with Symphony of Psalms*, there is always plenty to watch, from the huge sketch of Oedipus that sinks slowly down the backdrop, to the dead bodies that wake to claw the air, brandish swords and, at one point, bare their breasts.

The singing is mostly excellent. The COC chorus has developed into a subtle instrument, capable of handling Stravinsky's close, plaintive harmonies and dissonances while staying well clear of dreariness. Oakville, Ont.-based tenor Michael Schade, playing Oedipus, has a tone at once penetrating and oddly hollow, an effect that movingly evokes the king's pathos. His performance is nicely balanced by Vancouver mezzo-soprano Judith Forst's sensual, melancholy Jocasta, who seeks to lure her husband from his quest to know his origins.

There are some inspired touches: the blindness of the seer, Tiresias (Vladimir Kubovcik), is symbolized by a young boy who sits on his shoulders, with his hands over the old man's eyes. Later, the same boy leads Oedipus, blinded by his own hand, into exile. But the use of a narrator (Colm Feore) seems redundant. Since the Latin libretto is already translated into English surtitles, the explanatory interruptions detract from what is otherwise a mysterious, stately production.

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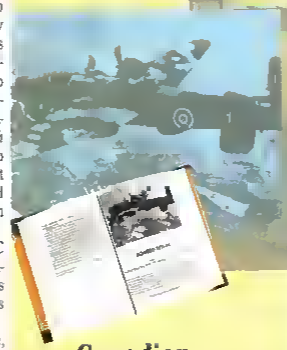
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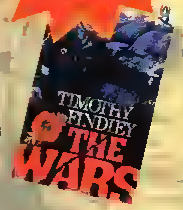


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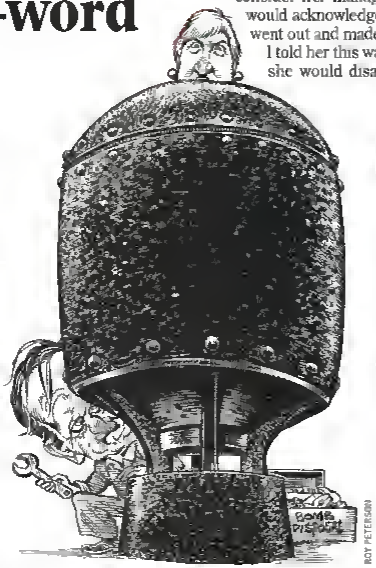
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Allan Fotheringham



Why Pat Carney used the S-word



What you have to realize about Senator Pat Carney is that she used to be my roomie. And that she has asked for my advice at every major juncture in her adult life. She has always said that she valued my wisdom. She would always listen long and carefully to my advice.

She was born in Shanghai to a father who jumped ship to become a policeman there. She was raised in Nelson, a beautiful town in the Kootenays of British Columbia. She arrived at UBC, a slim gurl so shy that when a certain editor of the campus newspaper where she toiled got on the bus, she would get off at the next stop—not being able, apparently, to be in such proximity to greatness.

She is so close to her twin brother, Jim, a handsome blond rogue who used to play a mean saxophone, that it is near mystical. Once she awoke in the middle of the night with a stabbing pain. She immediately picked up the phone to find Jim, who was film-making in Africa, and discovered—confirming her suspicions—that he had just been involved in a terrible car accident. She would walk through barbed wire and broken glass for him.

What you have to realize about Carney is that she ended up sharing an office with your humble servant at *The Vancouver Sun*. She had survived *The Ubyssey*—the campus rag that had produced Pierre Berton, Earle Birney, Lister Sinclair, John Turner, Ron Haggart, Val Sears, Joe Schlesinger, Peter Worthington, Helen Hutchinson, Stanley Beck, Danny Stoffman and clutches of other layabouts who wasted their lives becoming judges and millionaires.

As my office roomie, she had open access to the best advice in the world. As an added advantage, it was free. One day, she asked what I thought about the invitation to the Economic Council of Canada. To fly to Ottawa for its occasional meetings and contribute her advice. I told her this was the stupidest idea I had ever heard. That a journalist was a journalist and she couldn't possibly risk her reputation by being tainted with government money, if only for expenses and a mild honorarium.

She listened thoughtfully—and joined the Economic Council of Canada. And flew to Ottawa regularly where she quickly got to know every powerful civil servant in the capital and every heavy hitter in Central Canada's business circles.

One day, she asked me what I thought of her moving to Yellowknife and starting a consultancy business. She had decided, since the twits above her in the editorial feeding chain would not consider her management material, that the only way men would acknowledge that women were competent was if they went out and made some money on their own.

I told her this was the stupidest idea I had ever heard, that she would disappear forever off the map of important Canadian life, and forget it. She listened carefully, thanked me politely for my advice—and moved to Yellowknife at the height of the oil-gas pipeline boom, established an office that was ahead of the curve with environmentalists, engineers, native Indian leaders. And became a respected authority on the North that no one in Toronto or Ottawa knows.

One day she asked me what I thought of her accepting an offer to become the Conservative candidate in Vancouver Centre, a traditional Liberal bastion. I told her it was the stupidest idea I had ever heard, that she should never get involved in that filthy business known as politics and, besides, she didn't have a hope and would be branded a loser.

She thanked me very much for the valuable advice—and ended up a high member of the Mulroney cabinet who was the only one who could shout and scream at him in anger before her astounded colleagues. Brian understood, because he was Irish, and he knew Carney was Irish, and they had a strange, primeval bond.

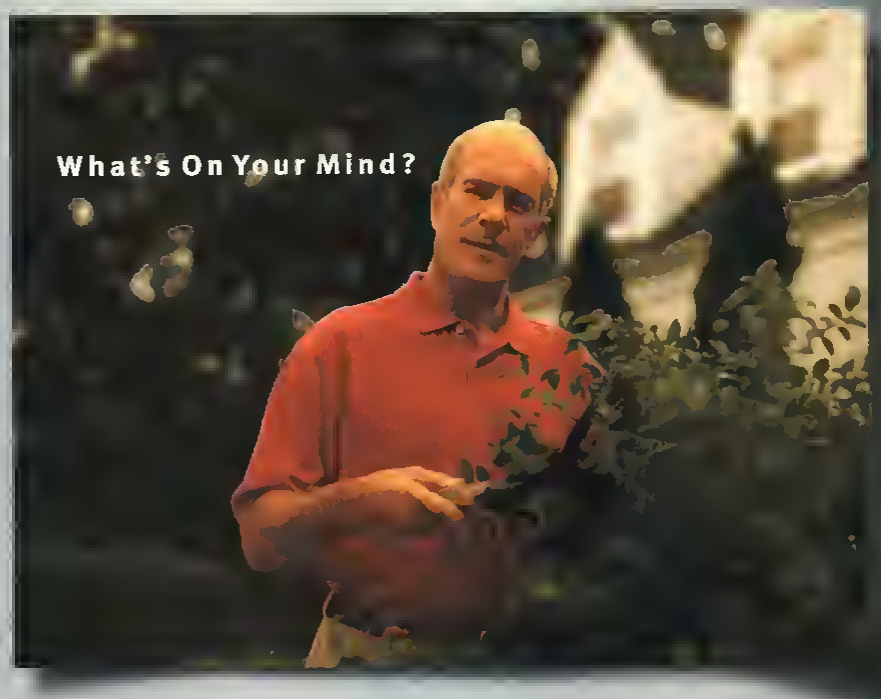
All this throat-clearing is to explain, and understand, my former office roomie's frustrated outburst over the S-word, B.C.'s supposed separation aspirations. B.C. has about as much inclination to separate as downtown Mississauga has. But Carney has an Irish temper and at least she got our attention.

There is a myth—prevalent east of the Rockies—that the tribune of all the people on the Wet Coast is Rafe Mair, the open mouth on CKNW's hotline show. First of all, real people—who work for a living—don't have time to listen to open-mouth radio, the outlet for shut-ins and the permanently angered.

Rafe, an old university buddy along with Carney, has tried—in sequence—to be a lawyer, then a Liberal politician, then a Social Credit cabinet minister, then a hotline host and—just recently—was vowing in a newspaper column to vote NDP in the next B.C. election. He has, along with his nemesis Lucien Bouchard, the attention span of a hummingbird. Next week? Born-again Buddhist?

The situation is that Carney expresses validly the anger over the massive stupidity of Ottawa—over the salmon, over moving the only army camp in B.C., CFB Chilliwack, to Edmonton, over its only senior cabinet minister, the wobbly David Anderson, in a province that has gone Reform.

B.C. is not going to separate. But listen to this girl Carney. She has a track record of being right.



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